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JULY 20, 1923

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FAME ^AND ^DFORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

MATT THE MECHANIC OR THE BOY WHO MADE HIS PILE

AND OTHER STORIES

By Self-Made Man



Matt steered his boat for the middle of the stream. There the current had caught the frail craft holding the helpless girl and was dragging it swiftly toward the edge of the fall. She screamed, and the boys answered encouragingly.

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NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1923

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MATT THE MECHANIC

OR, THE BOY WHO MADE HIS PILE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—How Matt Warner Got A Job And Aided Beauty In Distress.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Vincent Staples, foreman of the machine shop connected with the Crandall Works, in the big, bustling town of Darien, curiously of a poorly dressed boy, with a bright face and an alert look, who had entered the room on the second floor of the tall brick building where Staples was boss of all he surveyed.

The air vibrated with the low swish of leather belting passing around numerous pulleys, together with the hum of the pulleys themselves; the buzz of many machines running at a high speed, intermingled with the harsh grinding sound of metal against metal; the pounding of hammers; the rasping of files, and all the other nerve-tingling noises that go to make up a machine shop in full operation. Half a dozen grimy-looking men, with their sleeves rolled up above their elbows, exposing brawny bare arms, were distributed about among the machines, while as many more, similarly attired, stood at intervals along a rude wooden bench facing a row of windows that admitted light and air to the room. All were working hard at various jobs that claimed their whole attention. Vincent Staples himself was the biggest and brawniest man of the lot, not unlike a human ox, with a great leather apron covering his broad expanse of body from his knees to his neck. He had been a blacksmith in his day, and looked the character yet.

"Can you give me a job?" asked the boy, with a respectful air.

"A job, eh?" ejaculated the foreman, taking in the applicant from head to foot with a critical glance.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever work in a machine shop?"

"No, sir."

"Humph! What brought you here, then?"

"I thought I'd like to learn the business. I'm handy with tools in a way. It comes kind of natural to me. I've always been interested in machinery. I believe I'd make a good mechanic if I got a chance to learn the business."

"Oh, you do?" replied the foreman, with a quizzical stare.

"Yes, sir. I'd rather work in a machine shop than——"

"Than what?" asked the foreman, sharply, as the boy paused.

"Go back to tending store."

"So you've been tending a store, have you? I don't see that a store-boy is any use around here."

"If you'd give me a trial I'd——"

"I've got no time to monkey with new beginners," replied the foreman, shortly.

"Then you won't give me a chance?"

"No. I've got no use——"

The sentence ended in a grunt, for the boy dashed suddenly forward and butted him in the stomach with considerable force, sending him staggering back a foot or two. At the same moment there was a swish through the air and something struck the wall near at hand with a dull thud. Vincent Staples quickly recovered his balance and with an angry snort made a rush at the boy, catching him by the arm.

"You little imp, what did you do that for?" he roared, raising his ponderous hand to administer a cuff that the lad would have remembered, had he caught it.

"Look there, sir," said the boy, pointing at a piece of steel still quivering in the wall where it had struck with force enough to imbed one end several inches into the plaster and laths beyond. "That would have taken you in the head if I hadn't saved you the best I knew how."

The foreman looked at the bit of iron, measuring the height of its flight with his eye, then he swung around and saw the pale face of one of the men standing by an iron lathe. His quick glance saw the empty space between two parts of the machine where a few moments before a piece of steel had been revolving at lightning speed and he comprehended at once what had happened. Then he released the boy's arm, and looked at him in a strange way.

"Boy," he said, huskily, "you saved my life. I am grateful to you. Shake hands."

The young stranger accepted the grimy fist.

"What's your name, my lad?" said the foreman, in a tone that was now distinctly friendly.

"Matt Warner."

"How old are you?"

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"Nearly eighteen."

"Belong to this town, don't you?"

"As much as anywhere."

"Live with your parents, I suppose?"

"No, sir! I'm an orphan. I've been living with Moses Kline, the storekeeper, for whom I've been working, but as I've left his employ I've got to take my things elsewhere to-day. I haven't got a place yet, but I thought I'd try to get a job before I hunted for a room, for I want to live as close to my new place as possible."

"I'll give you an opening in this shop and let you learn the business if you cotton to it," said the foreman.

"Thank you, sir."

"You needn't thank me. I owe you something for what you did for me, and you can count me as your friend from this out. I live a few blocks away and have a spare room which you may have for a nominal sum. It will soon be noon when we knock off for dinner. My daughter brings me a warm dinner in a pail. Wait down in the yard. I will meet you there and introduce you to my daughter. She will take you around to the house and make you acquainted with her mother. You can then see the room and if it suits you bring your things around in time for supper, and tomorrow morning I'll start you in here and see what I can make of you."

Vincent Staples shook the boy by the hand once more, and turned away. Matt Warner walked out of the machine room greatly pleased at having secured work where he could familiarize himself with the tools and machinery that appealed to his taste. He had never been contented at Moses Kline's store, where he had been obliged to work fourteen hours daily, with two hours additional on Saturday night, as well as three hours on Sunday morning, for \$3 per week and his keep. He had no idea what pay he would receive at the machine shop, but he didn't suppose it would be much at first. However, he hoped it would be enough to pay his way until he was worth more. If he didn't get enough he would have to draw on his little fund of \$100 he had saved up during his term of service at Mr. Kline's store. After leaving the machine shop, he walked down the narrow stairs to the yard, which was filled with tiers of barrels and piles of cases that were being loaded on trucks to be conveyed to the railroad station a few blocks away. Matt watched the shipping of the merchandise with a great deal of interest.

To be out of the way, he perched himself on a lone box that stood against one of the fences, with his legs dangling in the air. Presently he saw a swell-looking young man issue from the back door of the office and look superciliously around the yard. He walked over to the men who were loading one of the truck, and after watching them for a few moments, he commenced to find fault with one thing or another.

"I wonder who he is?" thought Matt. "Seems to be one of the bosses, from the way he acts. I wonder if I'll ever be able to put on as much style as he does? I don't think I'd care to be quite such a dude, even if I was worth a million."

At that moment a very pretty girl, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, came into the

yard with a tin double-decker dinner-pail in her hand.

"I guess that's the foreman's daughter," thought the boy. "She's a peach, all right."

The girl advanced into the yard, keeping near the fence on the side where Matt was roosted. The swell-looking chap noticed her, and crossed over to head her off. He came up with her by the time she was close to the boy. Matt then had a good look at both of them. The young man gave every evidence of being somewhat under the influence of liquor, though he walked steadily enough to deceive a casual observer.

"Good-day, Miss Staples," he said, planting himself before her. "Delighted to see you looking so charming to-day. Fit enough to kiss, 'pon my word."

The girl drew back and looked disturbed.

"Brought your father's dinner, I see. I'll call a man and have him take it up to the machine shop, and then you'll do me the honor of going to lunch with me."

"Please let me pass, sir," said Miss Staples.

"Why so coy? I've long desired the opportunity to express to you the sentiments that your beauty inspires in me. Surely you, a common workman's daughter, must appreciate the honor I would confer on you by taking you to lunch and the matinee afterward. I will give you a swell time, 'pon my honor, I will."

"You've been drinking, Mr. Crandall, or you wouldn't speak to me in the manner you are doing. I beg you to permit me to pass."

"Drinking, Miss Staples! Nonsense! Merely a couple of high balls to get up an appetite. Allow me to relieve you of your pail."

"I wish you would go away, Mr. Crandall," said the girl, backing toward the box on which Matt was seated.

"You refuse to go to lunch with me, then?"

"Certainly. I wouldn't think of doing such a thing," she replied with some spirit.

"And you want me to leave you?"

"I wish you would."

"Then I will have to oblige you, I suppose; but you'll give me one kiss from those cherry lips of yours, won't you?"

He stepped forward, seized her by the arms, and tried to snatch a kiss. The girl screamed, and tried to release herself. He pulled her toward him, and would probably have succeeded in accomplishing his object but for Matt, who thought it high time to interfere in her behalf. After the second scream for help left her lips, the boy jumped off the box and struck Crandall a stinging blow in the face with the flat of his hand. As the young man released his hold on her, and turned upon his aggressor, Matt gave him a shove that landed him upon his back in the yard.

"Get over to the door, quick, Miss Staples," said Matt, motioning her to pass. "I'll see that he does not molest you further."

"Thank you," she said, with a grateful look, passing quickly by him just as the noon whistle blew for cessation of work.

Matt then faced the young dude who was trying to get on his feet, but with little success, for the shock had sent the fumes of the liquor into his head, and his efforts to rise were both futile and ludicrous.

CHAPTER II.—Matt Begins His Career As A Young Mechanic.

The men in the yard had naturally noticed the trouble, but not one of them made an effort to go to Crandall's assistance. The young gentleman was not popular in the establishment, and his downfall at the hands of a strange boy gave the eye-witnesses a whole lot of satisfaction. Crandall, whose other name was Arthur, was the nephew of the president of the company that owned the works. He held the lucrative job of secretary to the corporation, which was something of a sinecure, for he had little to do except attend the monthly meeting of the board and keep a record of its transactions.

He spent the major part of his time sporting around town with a fast set who had more money than brains, but when he visited the works he always tried to make his presence felt among the employees. On several occasions he had noticed Kittie Staples bringing her father's dinner to him at the noon hour, and her fresh young beauty greatly impressed him. He believed that the girl would be highly flattered by any little attention he might condescend to favor her with, and with that idea in his head he made up to her. Kittie, however, was a sensible girl, and she realized that, owing to the difference in their social status, there could never be anything in common between her and the nephew of the head of the works. So she tried her best to avoid him, but did not always succeed, as in the present case, when Matt had to interfere in her behalf. Seeing that Crandall was only making an exhibition of himself, Matt stepped forward and assisted him to rise. The young man seemed to have no recollection that Matt was the cause of his mishap, the fumes of the high-balls confusing his brains entirely. He stood gazing vacantly around as the boy brushed him off, and when Joe offered his escort as far as the office, he accepted it with tipsy gravity, and offered the lad a quarter at the door, which Matt refused to accept.

Mr. Staples was standing at the employees' entrance talking to his daughter, and he beckoned Matt up. Kittie had not told her father anything about Crandall's conduct, as she knew it would make him very angry, and might lead to trouble.

"Kittie, this is Matt Warner," said her father, when the boy came up.

Kittie smiled, and blushed. She was a bit surprised, too, that her father was acquainted with the boy who had interfered in her behalf.

"Matt, this is my daughter, Kittie," the foreman added.

The boy bowed, and he and Kittie shook hands.

"You haven't told me your own name yet," said Matt, to the foreman.

"Why, I thought I had. Well, it's Vincent Staples."

"Thank you, sir."

Kittie then saw that the boy was only a very recent acquaintance of her father's.

"Matt came up to the shop a little while ago, looking for a job," explained her father. "It happened while we were talking together that a piece of steel got loose in some way from one of the machines and flew straight at my head. I would

have been brained by it, I fear, but for Matt's prompt action. He shoved me back just in the nick of time, and the steel buried itself in the wall. Well, I'm going to take him on at the shop in the morning, and as he's looking for a room in this neighborhood, I invited him to take the small spare bedroom at our house. So take him over with you, and tell your mother to show it to him."

Kittie said she would, and somehow she was rather pleased to think that there was a probability of the good-looking boy, whom she had taken an instant fancy to, coming to live at their house. Mr. Staples turned away and carried his dinner-pail upstairs to the shop, while Matt accompanied Kittie to her home.

"It was very kind of you to interfere in my behalf," the girl said, as they passed out at the gate, "and I am very, very grateful to you."

"You're welcome," replied the boy.

"It was funny that he didn't make a row with you about it afterward. Why, he said nothing at all, and actually permitted you to brush him off."

"He was loaded, and the shock of his fall made him forget all about what had happened. I'll bet that he doesn't remember speaking to you."

"I should be glad to believe that. Why, his conduct was outrageous. The idea of him trying to kiss me right there in the yard before all the men. I was dreadfully mortified, and I really don't know what I should have done had he really kissed me."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"His name is Arthur Crandall. He's the nephew of the president of the company that owns the works."

"Does he work in the office?"

"I believe not, but father told me that he is secretary of the company."

"He seems to be well fixed, for he is a swell chap."

"He lives with his uncle on Bradhurst avenue."

"That's the finest street in town."

"Yes. The richest people live in that neighborhood."

Matt and Kittie felt almost like old friends when they reached the Staples home. Kittie introduced Matt to her mother, to whom she delivered her father's message. Matt was shown the small spare room, and he declared it suited him in every way. Even if it had possessed many drawbacks he would have been glad to take it in order to live in the same house with Miss Staples, with whom he was already half in love, for, in his opinion, she was the nicest girl he had ever met. Mrs. Staples, who was a pleasant, motherly woman, invited Matt to take lunch with her and Kittie, and he accepted.

"I'll fetch my traps over some time this afternoon," he said. "I've got only a grip and a small trunk."

"The room will be ready for you whenever you come," replied Mrs. Staples.

About five o'clock Matt got an expressman to carry his belongings to the Staples house for a quarter, and he went along himself without extra charge.

"We shall look upon you as one of the family," said Mrs. Staples, as he started to go to his room, "so you must make yourself at home."

Kittie had told her how Matt had saved her

father from a serious injury, if not death, and the good woman felt that she could not do too much for the bright-looking boy, in whom she already felt a motherly interest. Work ceased at the works at half-past five, and Mr. Staples was home by six. He found Matt in the dining-room, reading an evening paper. Supper was soon on the table, and all sat up.

"You must eat hearty, Matt," said Vincent Staples. "It is against my principles to have anybody go hungry in this house."

"Thank you, sir. I will endeavor to hold my end up," laughed the boy.

Mr. Staples was rather a jolly man in his way at home, though he held that side of his nature in check at the shop.

It is not good policy for a foreman to become too familiar with his hands, as it has a bad effect on discipline. Matt subsequently found that Mr. Staples was careful to show no partiality toward him in the shop, but after working hours it was different, and the boy, on his part, did not fail to treat the foreman with the respect that his position called for, taking his orders and instructions and saying nothing, just as if he and Staples were not the best friends in the world. Next morning Matt went to the works with the foreman and began his career as a young mechanic.

CHAPTER III.—The Model That Wouldn't Work the Right Way.

After that little Kittie brought two dinner-pails to the works at noon, one of which was intended for Matt.

"I don't think you ought to burden yourself with an extra pail for me, Kittie," he said, when she appeared the first day he was on the job. "I can easily get a light lunch at a cheap restaurant around here."

"Oh, it's no trouble for me to do so. I can bring two just as well as one, Matt," she replied, with a smile.

"Well, it's very kind of you and your mother to go to so much trouble on my account. If I can only find some way to return it I shall be happy."

"Don't worry about it. Take the good things that come your way and say nothing. That's the way I do."

"Do you? I'm glad to hear it."

Her words put an idea in his head. A few evenings later he invited her to go out for a walk. She readily agreed to go, and her parents offered no objection, for they thought Matt an uncommonly nice boy, and felt that their only daughter was perfectly safe in his society. Matt took Kittie into a jewelry store and asked her to pick out some little thing that she thought would please her mother, and which it would be proper for him to present her with. This Kittie did.

"Now," said Matt. "I think that locket would just suit you to wear about your neck, so I'm going to buy it for you."

"Oh, I'm not going to let you spend your money on me," she said, with a shake of her shapely head.

"Oh, come now, the other day, if you remember, you told me to take the good things that came my

way and say nothing, for that was what you did. Well, now I want to see you make good. If you refuse to accept that locket I will understand that it is because you don't care to take anything from me, which would make me feel badly. You ought to have some little reward for bringing me my dinner at noon. This is the only way I can show my appreciation of your kindness, so it isn't fair for you to turn my good intentions down."

"Well, I'll take it this once, seeing that you insist," she said with a coquettish smile; "but never again, remember."

"Until the next time," he chuckled.

"No," she said, demurely. "I do not intend to encourage you to be so extravagant."

"Kittie, I haven't known you very long, but still I feel that there is nothing too good for you," he answered.

She blushed rosily, not so much at his words, as the way he said them, and somehow or another she felt happier after that, and thought a whole lot more of Matt than perhaps she ought to have done. Mrs. Staples was very much pleased with her present, and thanked the boy for it, though she could not help chiding him just a little bit for spending his money on her. Mr. Staples also greatly appreciated the lad's kindly act, for he understood the motive which had induced him to do it, and Matt rose still higher in his estimation. Kittie showed her parents her new locket, and they said it was very pretty. Her father chaffed her a little over it when Matt was not present, and the girl fled from the room with a face as red as a full-blown rose of the same color. Altogether, Matt made a great hit with his new friends, who endeavored to make things as pleasant as possible for him, and he privately congratulated himself on having secured such a nice home in place of a cheerless room among people who would never have been much else than strangers to him. Three months passed away and Matt Warner had not only proved himself a willing and useful assistant in the machine shop, but he was beginning to show signs of considerable mechanical talent. He gave great satisfaction to the foreman, and had made himself quite popular with all the hands in the shop. Mr. Staples gave him all the instruction he consistently could, and also placed him at the service of the best men in the room, with the hint that they should help the boy ahead in the business as much as possible. This the men were glad to do, as they found that Matt picked things up very rapidly and retained what he learned. One day Matt, while poking around the shop during the noon hour, after he had disposed of his dinner, found a working model of a horizontal engine, with driving-rod, fly-wheel, steam-chests complete, and a new kind of steam condenser. Some man who had worked there months before had designed the apparatus and put it together, but the machine had failed to pan out in one very important feature that he was unable to rectify, so he had abandoned the working-model, and it had stood for a long time in a corner of the shop accumulating rust and dirt. Matt pulled the thing out and looked at it with much interest.

He asked one of the men what it was, and was told what it had been built for.

"Parks couldn't get his new-fangled condenser to work," said the man.

"Why not?" asked the boy.

"Give it up. He tinkered at it every day during the noon hour for a long time, and finally gave it up in disgust. When he went away he left the model here."

"It's a wonder he did not take it with him. He might have found the solution of the difficulty some time."

"Possibly, had he lived, he might."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes; poor chap. He was run down by a freight train soon after he went to another shop, and that wound him up."

"The model belonged to him, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if I could have it?"

"What could you make out of it?" asked the man, curiously.

"I don't know that I could make anything out of it, but I'd like to look it over and study it."

"Ask Mr. Staples. Probably he'll let you have it, for it doesn't belong to the shop. I don't believe it will do you any good, though. If the man who schemed it out of his head couldn't make it go, after all the time he spent on it, and he was a first-class mechanic, I guess you, who have just begun to learn the business, won't be able to do anything with it."

"I'm not expecting to make it work, but I think it will be good practice for me to study the construction of the model. It ought to give me other ideas. I should like to pull it to pieces and then see if I can put it together again."

"Oh, I see what you're aiming at," said the man. "It won't do any harm for you to use it as a kind of object lesson, and may do you a whole lot of good. Just you tell Mr. Staples why you want it and he'll let you have it, for I notice he is trying to push you ahead as much as possible."

So Matt asked the foreman if he could have the model.

"Certainly you may have it," replied Mr. Staples. "What are you going to do with it? Clean it up and use it to study up the principles of the steam-engine?"

"That was about my idea," answered Matt. "Hopkins told me that a man named Parks put it together as a working-model to demonstrate some improvement in the condenser."

"That's right. Parks was a clever fellow, but his scheme was not practicable. The modern condenser, of which there are two types in general use—the surface condenser and the jet condenser—is about as perfect as human ingenuity can make it."

"What did Parks expect to accomplish that is not already done?"

"His idea was to make an absolute vacuum in the condenser."

As Matt knew scarcely anything about a steam engine, and absolutely nothing about the workings of a condenser, Mr. Staples' remark was like so much Greek to him.

"I suppose you mean by that, keeping the air out altogether," he said, because he knew that a vacuum is said to be produced when air is more or less completely removed from the interior of a closed vessel.

"That's about the size of it," nodded the foreman, as he relighted his pipe.

"Is it impossible to make an absolute vacuum in a condenser?"

"I believe it is."

"Then, why did Parks waste his time trying to do the impossible?"

"Don't you know that when some people of an inventive turn of mind get a certain idea into their head, which nine people out of ten can see is impracticable, it is almost out of the question to convince them that they are wrong?"

"Is that the way it was with Parks?"

"Yes. Steam is condensed by cold water. In the surface condenser the exhaust steam comes in contact with a large area of metallic surface, which is kept cool by contact with cold water. In the jet condenser the exhaust on entering the chamber comes in contact with a jet of cold water. In either case the entering steam is condensed to cold water, and in consequence a partial vacuum is found. Understand?"

Matt nodded.

"Now, if a sufficient amount of cold water was used, the steam on entering would instantly condense, and a practically perfect vacuum would be obtained were it not for the fact that the feed water of the boiler always contains a small quantity of air, which passes with the exhaust steam into the condenser, and therefore partially destroys the vacuum. To get rid of this air the condenser is fitted with an air-pump. Parks's idea was to get rid of the air without the aid of an air-pump. He claimed that if he could do that he would make both fame and fortune. He didn't succeed, though several times he said he had it."

At that moment the whistle blew and work was resumed in the shop.

CHAPTER IV.—Trouble in the Shop.

It took the odd moments of Matt's own time for a week to clean up the model, but he worked with great industry at the job and finally had the thing in the shape it was when the maker abandoned it. A steam-pipe with a cock in it ran up one corner of the room. Parks had tapped it and inserted the cock in order to get live steam to experiment with in his model. A thick rubber tube formed the connection between the cock and a smaller cock on the little engine. Matt found the tube imbedded in the dust, and Mr. Staples explained the use it had been put to. One day when the boy had the engine in perfect condition, he attached the tube to both the model and the cock in the steam-pipe, and turned a little live steam on. The engine began to work away at once. The steam that entered the condenser escaped through an opening in the top, for it didn't condense, the cold water contact being missing. Matt didn't mind that, since all that he was really interested in at that moment was the working of the miniature engine. It was admirably constructed, being perfect in every detail, and it operated with a smoothness that delighted the boy. The other men in the room gathered around with their pipes in their mouths to see it work, and all agreed that for a mechanical toy it was a corker.

"All you need to do now is to build a toy i-mita-

tion of one of our machines here, with a driving pulley, stretch a piece of stout tape from the fly-wheel of the engine to the pulley, and you'll have the makings of a miniature work-shop," said one of the machinists.

As the model stood on a shelf out of any one's way, it wasn't necessary to move it when the whistle blew. Matt, however, took the precaution to remove the tube connection and hide it for fear that one of the boys in the building might get on to it some time when he was not there, and by turning on too great a volume of steam, damage the model, which he wouldn't be able to repair owing to his lack of mechanical knowledge. For some time Matt amused himself during the noon hour with his working engine, studying its rhythmic movements and pondering over the ingenuity of man which had produced such a wonderful bit of mechanism. He would have liked to put the condenser into working order, but some parts of it were not in evidence, and these he could not supply himself, neither could Mr. Staples with whom he consulted on the subject.

"Go down in the engine room, Matt, and look at the condenser there," the foreman told him. "Have a talk with the engineer. He'll be able to tell you more in five minutes than I could in a month."

So for a week Matt haunted the engine-room and questioned the engineer about the construction and working of the jet-condenser attached to the big engine. He learned a whole lot in that time, but he was too ignorant yet of mechanics to turn this information to any practical account. However, his conversations with the engineer greatly interested him in the stationary engine, and he began taking books on the subject from the Mechanics' Library of the town, and reading them up.

He soon discovered that he would only be able to acquire a superficial knowledge in this way. That if he wanted to get thoroughly acquainted with the steam engine he must go to work in a different way. The only right way was to get practical instruction in an engine-room. As he did not intend to throw up his job in the shop for such a purpose, which after all was only a side issue with him, he asked Mr. Staples how he could get around the matter.

"You're young yet, Matt," the foreman said. "Better let this new enthusiasm of yours rest a while. No one can tackle two things at once and do justice to either. Give your attention to the shop and learn to become a first-class mechanic. Afterward, if you feel so disposed, you can study up engineering."

Matt agreed that Mr. Staples' advice was good, and determined to follow it. He did not entirely abandon his engineering fad, but continued to read up on the subject, getting the engineer of the establishment to explain the more difficult points. Thus six months passed away, during which Matt made great progress as a young mechanic, and was considered by all hands as an almost indispensable adjunct of the shop. He often saw Arthur Crandall around the premises, but he never came into the machine-room, probably because he considered the place too dirty. The young dude made friendly advances towards Kittie Staples on several occasions since the affair mentioned in the first chapter, but as he hap-

pened to be quite sober he did not attempt to repeat his former familiarity.

Matt was generally on hand to protect her should she stand in need of it, but he was not called upon to exercise his chivalry in that direction. One afternoon Crandall surprised the mechanics of the machine shop by stepping off the elevator into the room. Matt was working at a bench near the elevator door and saw him first.

"I wonder what brings him in here?" the boy muttered. "By George! He's loaded, too. Probably that accounts for it."

Crandall walked unsteadily about the unoccupied space near the elevator, then stopped and looked around the room. Mr. Staples came up to him and asked what he wanted.

"You're Vincent Staples, aren't you?" said the secretary of the company.

"Yes, that's my name. What can I do for you?"

"I want to talk with you. Come outside somewhere."

"You can talk with me here, can't you?" replied the foreman.

"How would you like to have a raise in your wages?" said Crandall, with a feeble kind of a grin.

"A raise in my wages!" exclaimed the astonished man.

"That's what I said. I can fix it so you can get it."

"I don't quite understand what you are trying to get at," said Staples, who was puzzled to account for such an offer, except it was due to the fact that the young man was not strictly in his right senses.

"Staples," continued Crandall, "you're a fine mechanic. Understand? A fine mechanic. The best we have. And you have a fine-looking daughter, too."

"Sir!" ejaculated the foreman, who could not see why his only child should figure in the conversation.

"She's the fairest of her sex, Staples. Knocks many of our Bradhurst avenue girls into a cocked hat, and they're pretty slick articles when they get themselves up in their best style."

"Just leave my daughter out of your conversation, Mr. Crandall, and tell me what brought you in here," said Staples, in a slightly huffy tone.

"I couldn't leave your daughter out, for I came to talk about her. Understand? I've met her several times, but I find her rather coy. Thinks I'm too tony for her, I guess. Now I want you to put in a good word for me with her. Let her know that I would only be too delighted to escort her around to places of amusement and treat her to dinner afterward. My automobile will be always at her service with or without myself. Understand? Any day she'd like to take an outing in the suburbs let me know, Staples. Drop a note in the office addressed to me, and I'll send my chauffeur with the machine around to your house."

As Crandall proceeded the foreman waxed hot under the collar. His daughter was the apple of his eye, and he watched over her with a jealous care. Arthur Crandall might be the secretary of the Crandall Company, and rich to boot, but Staples regarded his conversation about his daughter as insulting. There was a wide gulf between his child and Crandall, in the eyes of the

world, though privately Staples considered his Kittie as the peer of any man and woman on earth. He deeply resented the familiar way that young Crandall talked about the girl, and he was about to cut the dude off short when Crandall said:

"You fix it so I can take her out to-morrow afternoon, Staples, and I'll see that you get \$5 a week more in your pay envelope."

"What's that?" roared Vincent Staples, the foreman, springing at Crandall and dealing him a blow on the chest that sent him staggering toward the open elevator.

Seeing the young man's peril, Matt ran forward and grabbed him just in time.

CHAPTER V.—The Projected Abduction.

The foreman's angry exclamation, and the blow that followed it drew the attention of every man in the shop to the point where the disturbance was taking place. They saw the ponderous Staples glaring at the secretary of the company as Matt dragged him away from the edge of the elevator shaft. As no one had heard a word of what had passed between the men, except the foreman's furious ejaculation, they could not understand what the trouble was about. At that moment the elevator came down and paused at the floor for a machinist to get off. Staples immediately seized the disconcerted Crandall by the arm, bundled him aboard the elevator, and told the man to take him downstairs to the office. The foreman, with a deep cloud on his face, walked up and down the room several times in a way that showed he was much exasperated, but he gradually cooled off, and gave his attention again to the business of the shop. Matt was as much in the dark as any one else as to the cause of the foreman's attack on Randall.

"The only way I can account for it is that the dude must have said something to Mr. Staples that he wouldn't stand for. I can't imagine what it could be, though, for the foreman couldn't help seeing that Crandall was pretty tipsy, and consequently not fully responsible for what he said."

That's the way Matt argued to himself, and he was very much surprised because Mr. Staples had lost his temper, and struck a person who was not only greatly his inferior in strength, but of such consequence in the establishment. When the shop closed for the day, and he started for home with the foreman, as was his custom, he learned from Mr. Staples's lips the true cause of the brief scrap.

"Does he imagine because I'm an employee of the company that he has a right to pay his unwelcome attentions to my daughter?" growled Mr. Staples, after he had explained matters to Joe.

"He was half shot. He didn't realize what he was saying," replied Matt.

"Whether he did or not, it was in his mind, and the liquor brought it out. I suppose he's seen Kittie bring our dinners around. She never told me that Crandall noticed her in any way."

"Gee!" thought the boy. "If Mr. Staples knew that the dude tried to kiss Kittie the day I caught on to the job in the shop, and that he would have

succeeded only that I interfered, I'm afraid there would be something more doing in the secretary's way."

Matt, on the score of prudence, did not volunteer any information on the subject. He decided that it was up to the girl to tell the facts to her father if she thought proper to do so. When they reached the house Mr. Staples opened up the subject with his daughter at once. He wanted to know to what extent Crandall had ever noticed her, and whether she had given him the least encouragement. Kittie admitted that the young man had spoken to her several times, but that she had turned down his advances every time in a way that ought to have convinced him that she wanted nothing to do with him. She did not refer to Crandall's attempt to kiss her, because she knew her father would make things pretty sultry for the young man even at the risk of losing his position with the company. Mr. Staples did not tell his daughter what occurred in the shop that afternoon, but he told his wife later on, and she told Kittie next day, though Matt gave her an inkling of the truth that evening. It was decided that the girl was not to come to the works any more, and thereafter Matt and the foreman carried their dinner-pails with them in the morning like the other men who did not frequent a restaurant. Staples expected to be called down to the office to give an explanation to the head of the establishment for his attack on his nephew, but nothing like that happened, and matters went on as before the dude's visit. Crandall himself, however, had a perfect recollection of the incident, though he did not mention the matter to his uncle, because he did not care to face an explanation of the affair. He determined to get square with the foreman just the same, and in a way that would enable him to kill two birds with one stone. He took counsel with a couple of boon companions, who were as unscrupulous as himself, and they readily agreed to help him out. All three believed that their money and social positions would protect them if trouble cropped out of it. Their plan was to kidnap Kittie Staples just to scare her father, and have her held a prisoner at a certain roadhouse a few miles outside of Darien. This house was kept by an ex-pugilist, and was frequented by the fashionable young men of the town. In a large barn attached to this establishment, glove contests were frequently pulled off on the quiet, and as the son of the chief of the Darien police belonged to the swell set, any suspicions as to what went on at the roadhouse were sidetracked, and the officers of the law never visited the place. Cock fights, and even an occasional dog fight, were also held at the aforesaid barn, and were largely attended by the gilded youth of the town, who found such sport sufficiently exciting to attract them any time the tip was passed around among them. The ex-pugilist made his profits out of the business done at the bar, though a price of admission was charged at every event. Before the kidnapping scheme could be carried into effect it was necessary to enlist the proprietor of the roadhouse in the enterprise. As considerable risk would attach to it, there was no doubt that the man would insist on being well paid. Crandall, however, didn't mind the cost, provided it was within reasonable limits, so long as he got square

with the foreman of the machine shop. The girl would be well treated, and only deprived of her liberty. She would be under charge of the pugilist's wife, who would see that nothing happened to her. Accordingly, Crandall and his cronies visited the roadhouse and had a talk with the former prize-fighter, whose name was Gid Hathaway. Hathaway didn't fancy being mixed up in the scheme, but he couldn't afford to turn down such an important and profitable personage as Arthur Crandall. The young dude had influence enough to spoil business at the roadhouse if he chose to exercise it, so an arrangement was finally made for the reception of Kittie Staples, and her sequestration at the top of the house. The best-laid schemes of mice and men, according to a famous poet, oft go astray. And so it was in this instance. It was necessary for the success of the enterprise that the girl should be decoyed from her home after dark. How to accomplish this successfully puzzled the conspirators not a little, until they learned that Kittie had a young lady friend at whose house, a few blocks from her own, she often spent an evening. Sometimes Matt accompanied her, but more often he didn't, it being understood between them that he was to call for her around ten o'clock. One evening, just after dark, a small boy pulled the bell at the Staples house, and when Kittie answered the ring the boy said he had brought a note for Miss Kittie Staples.

"That's my name," she said, promptly. "Give it to me. Who sent you?"

"Hattie Forrest. She said I was to bring back an answer."

"Wait a minute till I read it."

Kittie ran into the sitting-room, where her father was reading the evening paper, tore open the note and read the following:

"Dear Kittie: Come around to the house to-night, as I want to see you on important business. Excuse handwriting, as I burned my right hand at the stove a while ago and I can hardly hold my pen. Don't fail to come, as you will miss something if you do not. Let the bearer of this know whether you are coming or not, and when.
"Yours, as ever, Hattie."

There was something strange about the note, besides the handwriting, which did not look like Hattie's, but then the writer had explained that she had crippled her hand at the stove and could hardly write. The tone of the note did not sound like Hattie, still it was quite possible that Miss Forrest had dashed it off in a hurry and at hazard. At any rate there was no reason why Kittie should suspect the genuineness of the note, so she ran back to the door and told the boy that she would be over to Hattie's house in half an hour. As soon as the boy got this reply he hurried off. Matt had gone out a few minutes before to visit a friend of his, who lived near Hattie Forrest, leaving word that he would be back by half-past nine. Kittie told her mother that she had received a note from her friend Hattie, asking her to come around that evening, and she told her mother to be sure and tell Matt to come after her. Then she went upstairs to change her gown and fix up a bit. In the meantime Matt had gone to his friend's house. When

he arrived at his destination he found, much to his disappointment, that his friend had gone out for the evening, so there was nothing for him to do but to return home again. As he was in the act of opening the gate in the hedge which cut his friend's home off from the street, an automobile dashed up and stopped in front of the house. Three young men sprang out, and Matt, thinking they were visitors to the house he had just left, drew back to let them enter. After looking up and down the quiet, shady street, they stepped up alongside of the hedge within a couple of feet of the spot where Matt stood in the gloom.

"The boy ought to be up this way with an answer in a few minutes," said one of them, taking a box of cigarettes from his pocket and offering it to each of his companions, "then we'll know whether Miss Staples is coming or not."

Matt gave a start of surprise when he heard Kittie's name mentioned, and he began to wonder who these chaps were and what was in the wind. The flash of a match lit up the faces of the three for a moment or two as each lighted his cigarette, and to Matt's astonishment he recognized one of the young men as Arthur Crandall.

CHAPTER VI.—The Young Mechanic to the Rescue.

"Suppose the girl brings an escort with her—that young mechanic, for instance, who is boarding at her house—that is liable to lead to a complication," said one of young men.

"Oh, I guess we can handle him, too," replied Crandall, carelessly. "If he's with her we'll give him a tap on the head, first, and while one of us is attending to him, the other two can throw the shawl over Miss Staples' head and hustle her into the machine. The moment we're off, we will be safe."

"You've notified Hathaway that he may look for us to bring the girl to his place to-night?" said the third young man.

"I've attended to that," replied Crandall, flipping the ashes from the end of his cigarette.

"Staples is sure to notify the police when his daughter doesn't return home at the usual time and he finds that she hasn't been at Miss Forrest's."

"What do we care?" asked Crandall. "Nobody will suspect us of carrying the girl off, and the roadhouse will be the last place they'll think of in connection with her."

"Here comes the boy now," said one of the others.

"Go and meet him, Brett," said Crandall. "You hired him to deliver the note, and there is no need for him to see us."

The person addressed as Brett immediately went forward and met the boy several yards away. Matt, standing in the shadow of the hedge, had been almost paralyzed with astonishment at the revelation he had been listening to. That Arthur Crandall and two other well-to-do young men of the town should be engaged in a plot to abduct Kittie Staples fairly amazed him. There was no doubt in Matt's mind that this was Crandall's scheme, for he had been annoying the girl with his unwelcome attentions.

"The roadhouse they expect to take her to must be Hathaway's place," muttered Matt. "That's the only roadhouse I know of anywhere around. It's a sporting place, where I've heard they have glove fights once in a while. All the town dudes flock there to have a good time. What a nerve Crandall has to go into a trick of this kind. He's supposed to be a gentleman, too. I suppose his object is to give Kittie a scare. Wants to get back at her because she won't accept his attentions. Or, maybe this is the way he's trying to revenge himself on her father for the blow he got in the shop. It's a foolish piece of business, anyhow, and he's bound to get in trouble over it. However, it's up to me to put a spoke in his little game. Mighty lucky thing that I've got on to it, for Kittie would get the fright of her life if those chaps succeeded in running off with her."

Brett now returned to Crandall and his companion.

"Miss Staples has swallowed the bait and will be along this way in half an hour," he said. "She'll have to come alone, for the kid told me that he met the mechanic, Matt Warner, going somewhere."

"Good," replied Crandall, lighting a fresh cigarette. "We'll have things all our own way. Go and get the shawl out of the machine, Otis, so we'll be all ready to grab her suddenly when she passes."

Otis obeyed instructions.

"How long do you expect to keep the girl at Hathaway's?" asked Brett.

"A week or two. Long enough to break her old man up, and make him think she's disappeared for good. He's got to pay up for that blow he gave me. I'd have had him fired from the shop if I could have seen my way clear to do it."

"Why couldn't you? Aren't you secretary of the works?"

"Of course I am, but that doesn't give me authority over the hands," replied Crandall. "The superintendent runs the works, and he takes his orders from my uncle. Staples is a good hand, and he wouldn't be discharged just to oblige me."

"I think you're easy, Crandall," said Otis. "If I was in your shoes, and a common workman laid his hand on me in the way you said Staples did to you, I wouldn't rest till I got him out of the works. Workingmen are getting altogether too independent nowadays."

"That's the fault of the unions," chipped in Brett. "If I had anything to say about the matter there wouldn't be such things. They're a constant menace to the capitalist. The workingman used to know his place, but now he thinks he's as good as the man who hires him."

"The legislature ought to put unions out of business," said Otis. "If something isn't done soon in that line the laboring man will be dictating his own terms, and the manufacturer will either have to knuckle down or quit business."

"Oh, cut it out," growled Crandall. "The girl will be along in a few minutes and we won't be ready for her. We mustn't make a slip-up of this business. If she was to let out a scream it would alarm the block. Give me that shawl, Otis. I'll attend to her myself. I can't afford to take any chances."

While they were talking, Matt was figuring how he could block the scheme at the critical

moment. He was one against three, but he calculated that his sudden appearance on the scene would take them so by surprise that he would be able to save Kittie. He was strong and pretty handy with his fists, so he didn't have much doubt about the ultimate result.

"I wish my friend Taylor was here," he thought, meaning the boy who lived in the house behind him. "I'll bet the two of us would make it pretty interesting for these dudes."

As his friend Taylor wasn't there he had to depend entirely on himself. So he waited with some impatience for the crisis of the affair.

"Here she comes," said Brett, presently. "Get ready for business."

Unsuspecting of what was ahead of her, Kittie Staples came tripping up the street. She saw the automobile drawn up alongside the curb, but paid no attention to it. As she drew nearer she made out the three young men standing close to the hedge, apparently engaged in conversation. She didn't suppose they were waiting there for her. Matt couldn't see her from the spot where he stood, owing to the top of the hedge which obstructed his view. He held the gate open an inch or two in readiness to rush out.

"You speak to her, Brett," said Crandall, "and when she stops and turns I'll throw the shawl over her head, then we'll both grab her and force her into the machine. I guess you'd better get on the front seat, Otis, and be ready to start off the moment I give the word."

"All right," said Otis, crossing and getting into the auto.

In a few moments Kittie Staples was abreast of the conspirators, and then Brett stepped up to her, raising his hat politely.

"I beg your pardon, miss, can you tell me where——"

Kittie stopped and looked at the well-dressed young fellow as he spoke. The moment she turned her back toward the hedge, Crandall shook out the folds of the shawl and dashed at her. Matt, who was watching him closely, sprang out through the gateway, and just as the shawl fell over the girl's head the young mechanic struck Crandall a heavy blow under the ear that sent him staggering over toward the auto, dragging the shawl with him.

"Run, Kittie, run!" cried Matt, to the frightened girl as he aimed an upper-cut at Brett's jaw.

The young fellow, taken by surprise, failed to dodge in time, and Matt's fists made his teeth rattle like a pair of castanets. Matt gave him no time to recover, but smashed him in the eye with his left, following that up with a crack in the nose with his right. Brett, staggered by the assault, jumped into the auto to escape further punishment, and Matt once more turned his attention to Crandall. Kittie had recognized Matt's voice, but instead of running she stood her ground, for the whole thing was so unintelligible to her that she could not understand the situation.

"Who in thunder are you?" demanded Crandall, as Matt rushed at him.

"Find out," replied the boy, striking at the dude.

Crandall parried the blow and called on his companions for help. Otis, who had been thunderstruck at Matt's sudden appearance and what-

wind attack on his companions, jumped out of the auto when he saw that their assailant was alone, and only a boy. Brett also recovered his nerve again, though his face was badly damaged, and he responded to Crandall's call. The tables were now turned on Matt, and he was forced upon the defensive himself. Kittie, perceiving that the young mechanic in whom she took so much interest, was in serious danger of being knocked out by the three young men, uttered a shrill scream for help, which echoed up and down the street on the still night air.

"Confound it!" roared Crandall. "The game is up and all on account of this chap. Tackle him low down, Brett, and then we'll finish him."

Brett, who had been a good football player at his college, flung his arms around Matt's thighs and slipped his hold to his knees. The other two closed in on him at the same moment and the boy was bowled over on his back. His head struck upon the stone pavement and he was rendered unconscious. Kittie continued to scream for help, and people in the immediate neighborhood threw up their windows to ascertain what the trouble was. A man came out from one of the near-by houses and started for the scene of trouble.

"We've got to skip, and skip quickly," he said, hurriedly.

"Throw this chap into the machine and we'll be off," replied Crandall, grabbing Matt by the head and shoulders.

"What the dickens do you want with him? Let him lie there," said Brett, impatiently.

"No," answered Crandall, doggedly. "this fellow spoiled our game and gave me a crack under the ear that I feel yet. Bundle him in and we'll carry him out into the woods where we can get square with him at our leisure."

As there was no time to argue with Crandall, and he seemed determined to have his way, Brett reluctantly helped carry the young mechanic to the auto and dump him in between the two seats. Otis was already seated in the chauffeur's place, and the moment Brett climbed in alongside of him he started the vehicle, and off they went with a rush.

"Confound the luck," growled Crandall, "only for this boy we would have succeeded."

"I can't understand how he came to be on hand," said Otis.

After a while Crandall lit a match, and by its light he recognized Matt as the boy who had run across his path before. He was furious.

Otis now asked Crandall what he was going to do with Matt. Crandall told him he hadn't made up his mind as yet.

It was very dark and suddenly they ran right into a truck and team and the auto was placed out of commission. A fierce argument now took place between the teamster and the three villains, and during the talk Matt, who was now fully recovered, slipped out of the auto and took to his heels. Great was the anger of the three men when they discovered Matt had escaped. Matt had not gone far, and when the auto was again able to proceed and the villains left Matt came from behind some bushes and followed down the road.

In a little while a wagon with a boy driving caught up to Matt, and he asked for a lift into the town. The boy complied and in due time Matt

was landed in the village, and soon was at the Staples cottage, where he related to Mr. and Mrs. Staples his experiences. Mr. Staples was surprised to learn that young Crandall had hatched a plot to abduct Kittie. Matt told them all, and the foreman was furious and strode from the room.

CHAPTER VII.—The Awkward Predicament of Crandall, Brett and Otis.

Staples secured warrants that night at the home of one of the city magistrates for the arrest of Arthur Crandall and his friends Brett and Otis, on the charge of attempted abduction of Kittie Staples, and the warrants were put in the hands of the police to execute. Brett, whose first name was Clarence, was the son of the president of the Darien National Bank, the leading financial institution in town; while Frank Otis was the son of the most distinguished lawyer in Darien. A detective went to the home of each of the young men, who lived within a short distance of one another, on fashionable Bradhurst avenue, but although it was long after midnight none of them was at home. The detectives hovered around the houses all night, but their quarry did not show up.

The escape of Matt Warner, whose importance as a witness against them in the event of their arrest for the attempted abduction of Kittie Staples they fully understood, upset all their calculations, and after a consultation, they decided that it wouldn't be healthy for them to show themselves in Darien until their parents and friends had hushed the trouble up. They therefore took the night express, which stopped at the town at midnight, and early next morning registered at a hotel in the chief city of the adjoining State. The Darien morning papers had the story of the attempted kidnapping of Kittie Staples by Crandall, Brett and Otis, and the failure of the detectives to find the accused warranted the belief that the young men had gone into hiding. Of course the story created a profound sensation at the breakfast table of the best society in the town, and carried consternation into the homes of the three young sprigs of fashion. While the friends of the alleged kidnapers regarded it simply as a lark on the part of the young chaps, the general public viewed the matter in quite a different light. The afternoon papers, after their reporters had fully investigated the case, said the affair was an outrage, and that the three young men ought to be made an example of as an object lesson to others who, owing to their family connections, fancied they could commit high-handed acts with impunity. Public sympathy flowed toward the Staples family, while Matt Warner was regarded as a plucky boy who had done the best he could to save the girl under strenuous circumstances. Matt was the hero of the shop, and of the whole establishment for that matter, that day, and for many days thereafter. Vincent Staples was called to the private office by Mr. Crandall, and asked for a general statement of the unfortunate affair. The foreman was a man who didn't mince his words when he knew he was in the right, and he was outspoken in regard to the treatment his

daughter had received at the hands of Arthur Crandall.

He told the president of the works that the matter was altogether too serious to be overlooked, and that he intended to prosecute his nephew, as soon as he was arrested, whether he lost his job in consequence or not. Mr. Crandall assured him that he regretted the incident deeply, and did not intend to screen his relative from the consequences of his foolishness. He told the foreman that, much as he deplored the necessity of the case being sifted out in a court of justice, he could not blame the attitude assumed by Staples in defense of his daughter, and therefore, no matter what came of the affair, he would not be discharged from the works. Crandall, Brett and Otis communicated with their relatives in a day or two and asked for funds. They alleged that the whole matter was merely intended as a joke, and denied in the most positive terms that they had any intention of holding the girl a prisoner even over night.

The newspaper stories they denounced as sensational, and almost wholly devoid of truth, printed largely to prejudice popular opinion against them, because they were connected with the aristocracy of Darien. The feelings of the general public were more or less against the wealthy, and the newspapers believed it was to their interest to pander to that sentiment. The immediate relatives of Clarence Brett and Frank Otis naturally sympathized with their own flesh and blood. Money was forwarded them, with expressions of confidence, and measures taken to quash the trouble. Mr. Crandall was not such an easy mark. He wrote a letter, unaccompanied by a remittance, to his nephew, in which he expressed his opinion of that young man's conduct in a manner that made his hair curl.

"If you will return and face the accusation like a man I will provide a lawyer to defend you, but if you are convicted you must take your medicine," concluded the president of the Crandall Works.

The letter almost gave young Crandall a fit, for, unlike the letters received by Brett and Otis, his uncle wasted no sympathy on him, and, what was worse, sent him no money, so that he was obliged to borrow from his two friends to pay his way. Lawyer Otis invited Mr. Brett and Mr. Crandall to confer with him at his office in respect to the awkward dilemma in which the three young men had placed themselves. Both gentlemen responded, but Mr. Crandall's attitude at the interview was not particularly encouraging as he was satisfied his nephew was guilty, and wouldn't be able to clear himself. As an accessory was just as guilty in the eyes of the law as the principal, he told Lawyer Otis and Banker Brett quite frankly that their sons were in a bad scrape, and he didn't see how they were going to get out of it without paying some kind of a penalty.

Banker Brett said he'd rather lose \$50,000 than have his son brought up in court on such a serious charge, and suggested that compensation be offered to Miss Staples as an inducement to her and her family to let the matter drop. Mr. Crandall said that he could not wholly approve of the suggestion, as it was in the nature of a bribe. He added that Vincent Staples, the girl's father, was

not an easy man to deal with on such lines. He might resent the offer to the extent of notifying the newspapers that a bribe had been offered his daughter to withdraw the charge, and that would tend to complicate matters for the young men. Still, he said, if the matter could be arranged, he would pay his share toward it. The result was, an emissary waited on Mr. Staples at his home a few days later, and in the most delicate way asked if some arrangement could not be made by which the charge against the young men could be withdrawn.

"No, I don't think so," replied Vincent Staples, flatly.

"But, my dear sir, consider the position in which these young gentlemen, scions of three of the most influential families in Darien, are placed," said the visitor, who was Lawyer Otis's right-hand legal assistant.

"That's their lookout, not mine," replied the foreman, shortly: "Think of what my daughter would have suffered had they carried out their outrageous design."

"We have the positive assurance from the young men that the whole affair was merely a lark. They had no intention of abducting your daughter. They merely intended to give her a short ride in the auto and then leave her at her home."

"I don't care anything about their assurances. They'll say anything to squeeze out of this affair. Matt Warner happened to be in a position to overhear their plans and he knows that there was no joke about the thing at all."

"But this Warner's evidence is uncorroborated and will be valueless in court. The young men's denial will be as good as, if not better than, his statement."

"His evidence will be corroborated by circumstances, and still more by the decoy note now in our possession. You will find when the case gets into court that Warner's testimony will count."

The visitor wanted to see the note in question, but Mr. Staples declined to show it on the ground that he had been advised not to do it. The emissary then introduced, in an indirect way, the suggestion of compensation to Miss Staples, not as a bribe, he wished Mr. Staples to understand, but simply as an act of justice on the part of the young men's parents out of sympathy for the girl. Mr. Staples cut him short by saying that no such thing would be considered. The lawyer, having exhausted his stock of diplomacy, then withdrew and reported to Mr. Otis that his mission was a failure. He told the big lawyer that the existence of the decoy note was a feature of the case that was decidedly serious, and would, if introduced in court, tend to substantiate the uncorroborated testimony of the boy, Joe Warner.

"The best thing you can do, in my opinion, is to try and buy off the young mechanic," said the chief clerk. "He is the stumbling block in your way. If you can fix matters with him, the charge against your son and his companions will not hold water, even with the decoy note."

"Very well," replied Lawyer Otis. "I leave the matter to you. Offer him any price, \$50,000 if necessary, and the money will be forthcoming."

The young lawyer bowed and left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.—In Which the Young Mechanic Refuses to Be Bribed.

Two weeks had passed away since the attempted abduction of Kittie Staples, and the public had forgotten all about the affair. Crandall, Brett and Otis were having a good time in New York, while waiting for their relatives to fix things up so they could return to Darien without fear of the law. Kittie and Matt were on more intimate terms than ever. Matt was already half in love with Kittie, and he showed his feelings in many ways. The foreman's daughter, however, did not occupy his thoughts wholly. During the day he devoted himself entirely to getting ahead in the mechanical work of the shop, and he was making great progress. He occupied half his nights with the study of engineering. He had made the acquaintance of the night engineer of the public water works, and he spent many hours of the week in his company in the engine-room. The engineer explained the workings of the big engine that did duty during the day, and the smaller one he ran himself at night. He showed Matt how to start and stop it, and let him do it several times. He let him oil up all those parts not provided with automatic oilers, in fact gave him as much practical experience with the engine as possible. Under such favorable conditions it wasn't long before Matt could handle an engine with a good deal of confidence.

One night Matt had a long talk with the engineer about the condenser. He had brought along a book on engineering which had sectional drawings of both surface and jet condensers, with a full explanation of their construction and the work they performed in connection with the steam engine. He went over it bit by bit with the engineer, who explained in a simple way what he couldn't understand from the printed matter. The boy finally wanted to know if it wasn't really possible for an expert to invent some method for doing away with the air-pump.

"I don't think so," replied the engineer.

"I should think an arrangement could be studied out by which the small amount of air in the feed-water of the boiler could be prevented from entering the condenser with the exhaust steam, that would produce a perfect vacuum in the condenser, and the condensed water could be returned to the boiler by a different method than the air-pump."

"I guess your idea has been threshed out by the best engineering heads during the past hundred years, and the results now in operation are about as close to a perfect vacuum as will ever be achieved," replied the engineer.

"There was a man named Parks, who worked in our shop some time before I came there, who tried to work the subject out but failed," said Matt.

"I'm not surprised to hear that he failed."

"He was quite a mechanical genius in his way. He made as perfect a model stationary engine of the horizontal type, as could be put together. He left it behind him and as he is dead the foreman gave it to me to monkey with if I wanted to."

"Does it look like a big engine?"

"It does, except with respect to the condenser.

Parks made the engine in order to demonstrate the value of his own condenser in which he aimed to produce a perfect vacuum. Some day I mean to study up the principles he worked upon and see if I can reach the end he was after."

"It won't do you any harm to do so, on the contrary you will learn a whole lot, but I'm afraid you'll never arrive at the solution you have in your mind. But while trying to reach the impossible you may make some valuable discoveries in another line that might ultimately lead to both fame and fortune. Such things happen almost every day. The alchemists of the Middle Ages devoted their whole energies to the transmutation of base metals into gold. They did not succeed a little bit, but for all that, they laid the foundations of one of the most important of sciences—namely, chemistry."

One evening when Matt started for the engine-room of the water works, he was approached by a well-dressed young gentleman, none other than the chief clerk of Lawyer Otis. He handed the young mechanic his card, and requested the privilege of a short conversation with him.

"I suppose we can talk as we walk along, Mr. Page," said Matt, wondering what the gentleman wanted with him.

"Certainly. It will save time, as you appear to be in a hurry."

"What do you wish to see me about?"

"It's rather a delicate matter, to be frank with you, Warner. To begin with, I may say that I represent the families of the three young men implicated in what seems to me the almost ridiculous charge of trying to abduct Miss Staples. You are a sensible young fellow, Warner, and so I am sure I can talk with you in a frank way. The young men in question undoubtedly committed a foolish act in trying to play a practical joke on so estimable a young lady as Miss Staples is, for upon my honor it was really only intended as a joke, though it appears you took it in the light of a criminal act."

"You may regard it as a foolish prank, Mr. Page, but I have better reason to size it up in its true light," replied Matt, with some dignity. "I know of my own knowledge that Arthur Crandall, the ringleader of the affair, has annoyed Miss Staples for many months off and on, by his unwelcome attentions. One afternoon not so long ago he came into our shop, where Mr. Staples is foreman, and made a proposition to Miss Staples' father, that you, had you been in his place, would have considered insulting. Mr. Staples in his indignation struck Crandall, and being a powerful man, the blow was not a light one. Crandall would have had Mr. Staples discharged for that if he could have managed it, but found he couldn't. Nevertheless, he meant to have revenge, and decided that the most effective way by which he could get back at the foreman was through his daughter—a cowardly way, you must admit. Well, he resolved on kidnaping the girl with the help of his friends, Brett and Otis. While it is true that Brett and Otis had no interest themselves in the matter, beyond a willingness to accommodate Crandall, still they are of age, and college-bred men, so they must have known that such an enterprise was a criminal one in the eyes of the law, and so by going into it with their eyes open they invited the trouble in which they

now find themselves. If you think they are deserving of sympathy, I don't."

Page listened to the young mechanic with not a little surprise. His common-sense summing up of the situation, as well as the good language he used, proved that the shop-boy was a well-educated lad.

"A most uncommon boy this," thought the law clerk. "He may be a mechanic in a business sense, but he has the education and deportment of a young gentleman. He springs from good stock. His people must have come down in life. What is bred in the bone is bound to manifest itself sooner or later. Dear, I'm afraid it will be quite useless for me to try and buy this young man off. I'll have to try the art of persuasion. If that fails, I'll give it up."

"I must admit that you have stated the case in a straightforward and honest way, Warner, but I think, considering that no harm came to Miss Staples, you are a bit too hard on the foolish young men. At present they are out of the jurisdiction of this State, and it would require legal process to bring them to Darien to face the charge, supposing they could be found, which isn't at all certain while this cloud rests on them. Now supposing they are brought back, or induced to return of their own accord, and they should be convicted on your evidence and sent to prison, can't you see how that would almost ruin their young careers? And who would really be the chief sufferers? Who but their parents, who represent the best society of this town? It would be a lasting disgrace to their families as well as themselves. After you have thought this phase of the matter over, Warner, I am sure you will think twice before you will consent to be the instrument for bringing such a thing about."

"That's all right, Mr. Page, but you forget one thing—a man or a boy is expected to do his duty, no matter how unpleasant they may be to himself for others. I am the chief witness in this case, and my first duty is to Miss Staples. It isn't her fault, nor mine, that the young fellows mixed up in the outrage—for it was an outrage, no matter how their friends may look at it—have brought themselves and their parents to the verge of disgrace. If I am called on to testify against them I've got to do it, whether I care to do so or not. I haven't any choice in the matter. If your errand is to try to induce me to act differently it is a failure."

The clerk was nonplussed. However, he felt that he could not draw off without carrying out his instructions, which were to try and buy the boy off if all else failed. He was almost satisfied now that this could not be accomplished, and he approached the point with some misgivings.

"You are a young man on the threshold of life," he said to Matt, "and I judge that your future will depend entirely on your own exertions."

"Yes, sir," replied the young mechanic, regarding this new turn in the conversation with some surprise.

"It would be a great benefit to you if you had money or an influential friend or two at your back," the lawyer went on.

"I suppose so, but we can't all expect to be so fortunate."

"It remains with you yourself to acquire both."

"What do you mean?" asked Matt, greatly astonished.

"If you could see your way to assure the friends of Crandall, Brett and Otis that you would not appear against the young men in this abduction case, their gratitude would assume a very substantial form."

"Oh!" ejaculated Matt.

"I wouldn't be surprised if they presented you with a cash testimonial of \$25,000, or even more."

"As a bribe to hold my tongue, eh? Well, as you seem to be their emissary, please tell them that there isn't money enough in the United States to buy me off. Good-evening," and Matt Warner, with head erect, walked across the street to the engine-room of the power-house, leaving the lawyer much chagrined at the unsatisfactory result of the interview.

CHAPTER IX.—Plotting Against the Young Mechanic.

Next morning Chief Clerk Page reported to Lawyer Otis the non-success of his mission to persuade or bribe the young mechanic to alter his determination to appear against the three young dudes if they were brought into a court of justice. This was a great disappointment, both to Mr. Otis and Banker Brett, who thought that the power of the mighty dollar was irresistible. Both gentlemen immediately wrote to their sons, inclosing a new bank-draft, telling them that there was no immediate prospect of their returning to Darien without danger of arrest, owing to their inability to make any terms at all with Matt Warner, the chief witness in the case. Mr. Crandall also wrote a brief note to his nephew, inclosing a draft for a sum sufficient to meet the young man's expenses for a while. The three dudes read their letters, which all came by the same mail, and then gathered in Crandall's room for a consultation.

"New York is all very well in its way, but I'd like to get back to my native heath," said Crandall.

"Same here," nodded Brett.

"Ditto," interjected Otis, laconically.

"It appears from our letters that that beastly young mechanic is the stumbling-block in our path," went on Crandall.

"That's what he is," replied Brett, gloomily.

"I'd like to know what kind of a phenomenon he is," said Otis. "My governor writes me that Page, his clerk, offered him \$25,000 for his silence, but he turned the offer down. If I was offered half that amount for a similar service I'd take it quick as a wink. Why, \$25,000 would get that chap up for life. He must be a fool."

"We've got to do something, chappies," said Crandall. "We can't remain away from our stamping-grounds forever."

"Better stay in New York than go to jail," said Brett.

"An iron cot and bread and water, or soup, or some other rot that is on the prison bill-of-fare, wouldn't suit me for a copper cent," growled Otis.

"It seems to me that we'll have to take the bull by the horns," said Crandall.

"Kindly elucidate your meaning," grinned Brett.

"We must remove the stumbling-block from our path."

"Meaning the young mechanic," said Otis.

"I don't mean any one else," answered Crandall, with an ominous frown.

"How is he to be removed?" asked Brett.

"I have an idea that Hathaway is the party to do the trick if the compensation is sufficiently weighty."

"I'll guarantee that money is no object with my people when my welfare is concerned," said Brett. "If you think you can bribe Hathaway to get this mechanic away from Darien, and keep him away for any reasonable amount, I'll engage to produce my share."

"So will I," said Otis.

"As it won't do to put our proposition down in black and white, it will be necessary for one of us to visit him at the roadhouse."

"Not me, thank you," said Brett. "I'd rather be excused from visiting the scene of our scrape until things have been fixed up."

"I also entertain a serious objection to running my head into the lion's jaw for the present at least," put in Otis. "As you have proposed the plan, I move that you be unanimously selected as a committee of one to call on Hathaway and make the best arrangement and terms with him you can."

"There is no occasion for you to worry, champion. I intend to go myself. I understand Gil from the ground-floor up, and consequently I can't let anybody else undertake the mission."

"You are so well known in Darien that you are almost sure to be recognized," said Brett.

"I'll let you a ten-spot that nobody will recognize me in town," replied Crandall, confidently.

"When you mean to go there in disguise," said Otis.

"I don't intend to take any more chances than I can help."

"What kind of a disguise are you going to use?"

"I haven't decided yet. I'm going to get a costumer to fix me up."

"You might suspect you of contemplating some wicked work and refuse to help you out."

"I don't think so. There is nothing suggestive about me."

"He might take you for a gentlemanly Raffles," laughed Brett.

"What kind of an arrangement do you expect to make with Hathaway if you reach his place all right?" asked Otis.

"I'm going to offer him a good sum to kidnap young Warner and send him off somewhere, so he won't get back until after we have had this unpleasant matter settled for good."

"Hathaway might consider the contract too dangerous to undertake. What will you do then?" said Otis.

"I think Hathaway has his price for doing just anything short of murder or manslaughter. I sized him up long ago. At any rate I will offer him enough to make his mouth water. Our people will cough up anything within reason."

"My father will," said Brett.

"And mine, too," put in Otis.

"My uncle has soured on me over this, but

still for the honor of the family name he won't let me go to prison if he can prevent it."

"When do you intend to start?" asked Brett.

"Probably to-morrow."

"Well, let's go down to the cafe and drink success to your negotiations," said Otis.

This suggestion met with approval and they were presently standing before the hotel bar, giving their orders for three high-balls. In the meantime, Matt, the young mechanic, was pursuing the even tenor of his way in Darien, quite unconscious that he was being plotted against. He had told Mr. Staples about the interview he had had with Mr. Page, representative of the families of the young men concerned in the attempted kidnapping affair. He said the gentleman had intimated that he could have \$25,000 if he would refuse to appear as a witness in court.

"That's a pretty big bribe," replied the foreman. "What answer did you give him?"

"What answer would you expect me to give him? I refused. I told him that there isn't money enough in the country to bribe me, and I mean it."

"You're one boy in a thousand, Matt," said Mr. Staples, grasping him by the hand. "A boy of your caliber is bound to make his mark in the world if he lives. You will make yours, and I trust I may live to see you at the top of the heap."

"I mean to make my way. I guess you are satisfied with the record I am making in the shop."

"Perfectly. I never saw a young fellow catch on quicker than you have. You never have to be told twice what to do, and you seldom make a mistake. The men have all remarked your capability. You are a great favorite with them because you are ready at any time to give one of them a helping hand at any time. You will surely be as popular a man as you are a boy, and that counts for a whole lot in the race of life; that is, provided——"

"Provided what?"

"Popularity does not ruin you as it has some men. However, I have little fear of that. I am sure you have a level head and can say 'No' when the word is necessary, and stick to it."

"Yes, sir. I said 'No' to Mr. Page, and I mean to stick to it."

"I don't mean that kind of 'No.' A person of honor and principle finds that easy enough to say and stick to it. What I mean is one who is popular is continually up against the temptations of life. He is supposed to be what is known as a good fellow. A good fellow is generally his own worst enemy. Many a good fellow who started out with the most brilliant prospects wound up in Potter's field. Be a good fellow within limits that do justice to yourself."

"Yes, sir. That is what I mean to do," Matt said, as he and Mr. Staples entered the house together and found supper waiting for them to sit down to it.

CHAPTER X.—In the Haunted House.

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon Matt and his particular friend, Tom Taylor, started out for a spin on their wheels along the country road toward Newgate. They decided to

go as far as the roadhouse, six miles out of town, and then turn back. At the head of a lane, about a quarter of a mile from Hathaway's place, stood an old deserted farmhouse, fast going to ruin. It had the reputation of being haunted, because the farmer who built it went crazy and killed his whole family, winding up by shooting himself. It now belonged to two minors for whom it was held in trust. When the boys reached the lane leading to the old house Tom said:

"I say, Matt, let's go over and inspect that old rookery."

"The haunted house, eh? What do you want to go there for?"

"Just to say I've been there. People avoid it as if it was a plague spot, but I don't see anything to be afraid of."

"It's all right in the daylight, when the sun is shining as it is now, but I'll bet you wouldn't be so anxious to inspect it if it was night time," said Matt.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Tom, as they rode up the lane. "I don't believe in spooks anyway. I don't know anybody who ever saw one."

"You ought to read the 'Transactions of the Phychical Research Society.' Maybe you'd change your mind on the subject."

"The Psychical Research Society! Never heard of it," replied Tom. "What is it?"

"Oh, it's an organization of scientists and others who have made it their business to collect data on the supernatural and investigate the same for the purpose of demonstrating beyond a reasonable doubt the actual existence of spiritual phenomena."

"Have they proved that there is such a thing as a ghost?" asked Tom, in a skeptical tone.

"They seem to think they have."

"Pooh! All bosh!"

"You ought to read their pamphlets. The books detail many marvelous facts that have come within their notice, and which they have investigated to their satisfaction," said Matt.

"Where will I find those pamphlets?"

"They've got some of them at the Mechanics' Library. One of the attendants put me on to them one evening that I took out a work on engineering."

"How did he come to do that?"

"Somebody had just returned one of the books when I stepped up to the counter and he called my attention to it."

"And you took the book home and read it, eh?"

"Yes. I found it very interesting."

"And now you believe in ghosts, I suppose," chuckled Tom.

"I believe there are phenomena that cannot be explained by any natural law so far known to the most intelligent minds. Well, here we are. I see the kitchen door is ajar. Are you thinking of going inside and looking the place over?"

"Sure. Come on."

They stood their wheels against the wall of the kitchen ell and entered. The boys expected to find the interior of the house as bare as a newly-constructed building. It wasn't. Nothing seemed to have been removed from the day it was abandoned. The carpets, white with dust, lay on the floors. The furniture stood about, also covered with dust and in many cases festooned with cobwebs. Upstairs the boys found the bed clothes

moldy, yellow and smothered in dust. Tom opened the bureau drawers, but their contents had been taken away. Their inspection showed that nothing of any value had been left in the house outside of the furnishings.

"I wonder why the furniture, carpets and other things were not taken away and sold?" said Tom. "A second-hand man would have given something for them originally."

"Probably they were left with the idea of renting the house furnished," replied Matt.

"When the new owner found that he couldn't rent it at any price I should think he would have cleaned the stuff out then."

"Well, if you're anxious to know all about it you'll have to see the owner."

"I've heard that it was left to a couple of kids who live in Newgate. If it had been left to me I'd have found somebody to live in it, and run the farm. Seems to me it's a case of give a dog a bad name and it will stick to him."

They were standing by one of the windows on the second floor looking out.

"Hello!" exclaimed Matt. "There are a couple of men coming up the lane."

Tom looked.

"One of them is Sid Hathaway, the ex-pugilist, who runs the roadhouse."

"You mean the chunky, smooth-faced fellow?"

"Of course. The other chap doesn't look like a prize-fighter even a little bit. He seems to be all whiskers. I wonder what they are coming here for?"

"Probably Hathaway considers this haunted house as one of the attractions of the neighborhood and has brought his companion here to show it to him," said Matt.

"Say, let's go down and hide in the sitting-room closet, and when they come in the room we'll make a few ghostly noises and give them a shock," chuckled Taylor, who thought he had struck a bright idea.

"Do you expect to frighten a fellow like Hathaway in broad daylight?" asked Matt.

"We can try it, anyhow. It will be a good joke."

"He might not take it as a joke, and we might have reason to regret trying to be funny."

"I thought you were nervy enough to do most anything."

"I don't see any nerve about your plan. I think it is rather a foolish thing to do."

In the meantime Hathaway and the man with the whiskers entered the yard of the haunted farmhouse, and made straight for the rear of the building. The boys, as they came downstairs, heard their footsteps in the kitchen. Matt and Tom were in the hall near the sitting-room, which stood half open, when the ex-prizefighter and his companion entered the room.

"Dust off one of these chairs, Crandall, and we'll sit down and have our talk out here," said Hathaway.

Matt gave a start of surprise, when he heard the ex-pugilist address the man with the whiskers as Crandall. It instantly struck the young machinist that Arthur Crandall was hovering about the neighborhood in disguise with some object in view. What that object was he wanted to learn, for he wasn't sure but it was connected with Kittie Staples. Whispering Tom to hold

back and keep as quiet as a mouse, Matt advanced to the sitting-room door and listened. He heard the sound of thumping, as the men removed the dust from the seats of two of the chairs, then they seated themselves beside one of the windows.

"Now I'll listen to your scheme, Crandall, but mind you, I won't promise to take up with it if it's too dangerous. I've got a good business at the roadhouse, and I ain't goin' to sacrifice it just to make an extra wad. It wouldn't pay."

"I'm not asking you to do something for nothing, Hathaway. You'll be well paid if you help the three of us out of our pickle."

"You ought to have been more careful about that affair and then you and your friends wouldn't have got in trouble over it. I thought you chaps had pull enough, anyway, to get out of most any kind of a tight hole. Lawrence, whose old man is chief of the police department, is a particular friend of yours. Why can't you fix things through him?"

"There are warrants out for the three of us, and he couldn't sidetrack them," replied Crandall.

"What's the difference if you chaps were arrested? Your people would bail you out in no time. You needn't even see the inside of a jail."

"But we'd be tried in the end, and convicted on the evidence of that young mechanic. If it wasn't for him, we wouldn't care."

"Why don't your people buy him off? That ought to be easy."

"Well, it isn't easy. He's been offered \$25,000 for his silence and he refused to take it."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" whistled the ex-fighter. "Oh, come now, you don't expect me to believe that, do you?"

"It's a fact, whether you believe it or not. He seems to be one of those incorruptible chaps I thought were only to be met with in novels. Those kind of fellows give me a pain. A man who doesn't look out for number one in this world always gets left."

"He must be a remarkable boy to turn down a bribe of \$25,000. Maybe he was afraid he wouldn't get it. Was the money laid down under his nose?"

"No; but he'd have got it, all right."

"Well, what's your scheme? I take it you want to get this young mechanic out of the way for good. If you promise to turn that \$25,000 into my pocket I'll talk business with you."

"I couldn't promise any such thing. I might be able to get you \$5,000, but——"

"Five thousand wouldn't pay me to monkey with a buz-saw."

"Five thousand is a lot of money," said Crandall.

"I know it is, but I don't believe in takin' a big risk for that sum," replied Hathaway, who thought he saw his way clear to making a much better bargain.

The ex-prizefighter considered the matter. Ten thousand dollars was quite a tempting offer. But then there was considerable risk about the job, and he hadn't yet figured out how it could be accomplished successfully.

"I'll have to think the thing over before I give you a positive answer," he said. "You want this boy kidnapped and sent off somewhere."

"He must be sent where he can't get back in a hurry," said Crandall.

"That's the delicate part of it," said Hathaway. "The world is so blamed small these days that I don't know where is thunder a person can be sent that he can't get back again, if he wants to, in a short time."

"If somebody was paid well for preventing him from coming back, wouldn't that fill the bill?" asked Crandall.

"Well, you must give me a few days to see what plans I can make."

"How many days do you want?"

"It may take a week."

"I can't hang around this neighborhood a week."

"You needn't. You can go back to New York and I'll telegraph you when to come here with the money if I decide to go into the job."

"What's the matter with you coming to New York and seeing the three of us at our hotel?"

"I can do that. What hotel are you chaps stoppin' at?"

"The Castle Square."

Matt, who had taken in every word up to that point, made a mental note of the name of the hotel.

"Whereabouts is it?"

"It's not far from the Grand Central depot, where you'll land. Take a cab and tell the driver where you want to go, and he'll land you all right for a dollar."

"All right. You may expect to see me before next Saturday."

That terminated the interview, and Hathaway and the disguised dude left the haunted house.

"Well," said Tom Taylor, after Crandall and Hathaway had left the sitting-room, "what were those men talking about?"

"About me," said Matt. "The man with the whiskers was Arthur Crandall in disguise."

"What were they saying?"

"Plotting against me."

As Tom could learn nothing further from Matt, the two boys went on their way, and parting soon, Matt rushed into the house to see Mr. Staples. Matt related to him what he had overheard and Mr. Staples suggested they at once go to police headquarters and report to the chief what was on foot. So this was done, and a detective was detailed on the case. He went with Matt to the railroad station. While the detective watched the cars as a train pulled in Matt went to the end of the platform where the Pullman cars stopped, and was just in time to see young Crandall, whiskers and all jump aboard the train. Matt sprang after him and caught him before he could get through the door of the car. In a moment the pair was struggling for the mastery on the platform of the car, while the express was speeding away into the night.

CHAPTER XI.—Matt Gets His Man At Last.

"Confound you!" roared Crandall. "I'll throw you from the train."

"I don't think you will," replied Matt, coolly. "Better give up."

Nothing more was said by either for a minute

while they struggled about on the platform in no small danger of slipping off the car. Matt maintained his early advantage of a seat astride Crandall's chest, and the latter could not shake him off.

"If you won't give in I'll hold you down till the train reaches its next stopping place," said Matt, in a tone that showed determination.

"I'll see if you do," snarled Crandall, renewing his struggles.

By a quick move the dude got rid of Matt's weight and threw him against the end of the car. The shock momentarily dazed the plucky boy, and Crandall took immediate advantage of the fact to dump Matt over on his back. Then, exerting all his energies, he shoved the young mechanic down the steps, intending to throw him off the car. The boy's weight pulled Crandall forward, and both tumbled off into the black void alongside the train. Under ordinary circumstances they would probably have been killed, for the train was running at a fifty-mile clip at that moment; but it happened that the car was shooting over a short viaduct that spanned a narrow, but deep stream, and they fell from the side close to the outer edge of the masonry. Matt cleared the stonework by a hair, pulling Crandall after him. A dive of nearly twelve feet landed them both in the rushing stream, and they went under. Contact with the water caused Matt to release his hold on the secretary, and when they came to the surface they were yards apart.

The young mechanic struck out for the bank, which he could see outlined against the clear sky, and after a fierce struggle with the stream, succeeded in reaching the shore and climbing out on to solid ground. He felt so exhausted he had to lie down and rest. What had become of Crandall he had not the slightest idea.

"I thought I had him sure, but that is where I failed myself," muttered Matt, and he lay on the bank in his wet garments and blinked up at the stars. "I wonder where he is now? Drowned, perhaps, if he couldn't swim, or ashore on this bank or the other, if luck came to his aid. In any case I've lost him, and will have to hoof it to the nearest house, and beg the hospitality of the occupants."

He rose to his feet and looked around. He saw the glow of a switch red light in the near distance and knew that marked the line of the railroad. There were lights here and there in the opposite direction, and Matt judged they shone from the windows of houses. Toward the nearest of these he made his way at a swinging gait, stamping his feet down hard and flapping his arms to keep up the circulation of his blood. In a short time he reached a small house standing close to the stream. His loud knock brought a woman to the door.

"I've been in the river, or whatever you call it, and I'm wet to the skin," said the boy. "Can I stay here till my clothes are dried?"

"Come right in," said the woman, promptly. "You'll get your death standing outside in your soaked garments."

Matt gladly accepted her invitation.

"How did you fall into the stream?" she asked, sympathetically.

"Fell off the end platform of the Boston express."

"What an escape you had!" she exclaimed.

"I guess it was a pretty narrow one. I swam ashore, walked down in this direction, and here I am, feeling pretty good, all things considered."

The woman got a lamp and led Matt upstairs to a small room, where she told him to take off his clothes and roll himself up in the blankets. She took his clothes down to the kitchen, started a good fire and hung his apparel up to dry. Matt soon fell asleep, and did not wake up until the next morning. He found his clothes, dried and pressed, on a chair beside the bed all ready for him to put on. When he walked downstairs the woman's husband met him in the hall, and invited him into the room where breakfast was waiting to be served up. After the meal he thanked his host and hostess, and told them just how he came to be in the predicament of the night before. They directed him to a station three miles down the road, and he took leave of them. Still ignoring Arthur Crandall's fate, he walked rapidly down the road to catch the 9.10 local, east, which would stop at Darien. Matt bought a ticket to Darien, which was the next stop, eight miles east. When he stepped out on the platform the local, bound for New York, was coming in to the station, and among the passengers waiting to board it he spied Crandall, without his whiskers, but looking none the worse for his fall from the train and ducking. The young mechanic stepped up to him as he put his feet on the car-step and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"You're taking the wrong train, Crandall. You'll have to go back to Darien."

The young man started back with an imprecation, and tried to shake the boy off. The tussle that ensued attracted general attention as a matter of course, and brought the conductor up.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded, sharply.

"This man is wanted by the Darien police, and must go back to that town. He is trying to escape to New York," said Matt.

"It's a lie!" cried Crandall. "This young rascal ought to be arrested for assaulting me."

"Well, it's none of my business," replied the conductor, not able to decide upon the merits of the case. "Settle it between yourselves."

He gave the signal to go ahead to the engineer, and sprang aboard the train, which pulled out at once, leaving Crandall struggling with the boy, both surrounded by a small crowd whose sympathies were about evenly divided. Finally the station-master came out and inquired into the cause of the trouble. Matt told him the facts, while the crowd listened to, and which Crandall vigorously denied, threatening to sue the railroad company. As the boy could show no authority for detaining Crandall, the station-master ordered him to release the young man.

"I won't do it," replied Matt.

"Then I'll call a policeman to decide the matter."

The station-master telephoned for one of the town officers, but long before he arrived the train had come in. The conductor of the local train came up to inquire into the trouble. It happened that he knew Crandall by sight, and remembered reading about the attempted abduction of Miss Stples by the duke and his two

friends. So when Matt stated his side of the case he got the conductor's support at once. Crandall put up a stiff kick, and again threatened to sue the railroad company if the official interfered. The conductor, however, believed Matt's statement that Crandall was wanted in Darien, and he called a brakeman up and ordered him to help Matt put the young man on the train.

Crandall renewed his fight for liberty, but he stood no show now, and was quickly bundled into the car and the train started. Matt paid the conductor the quarter which was the fare for Crandall to Darien, and with the help of the brakeman stood guard over the prisoner till he was hustled out on the Darien platform. A policeman was summoned from the street and Crandall was marched to headquarters, accompanied by Matt.

CHAPTER XII.—Matt Ask Kittie the All-Important Question.

Crandall, before he was taken to a cell, sent word to his uncle to come and bail him out. Matt, after leaving headquarters, went home to change his Sunday clothes for his working habiliments. Mrs. Staples and Kittie greeted his appearance with satisfaction. He quickly told his story, recounting with not a little exultation how he had finally succeeded in landing Crandall in jail. As soon as Matt finished his story he hurried away to the shop where he had to repeat his night and morning's experiences to Mr. Staples, and later on, during the noon hour, he told the workmen who did not go out to lunch. As Arthur Crandall was decidedly unpopular in the machine-shop, as well as all over the establishment, Matt's exploit met with general approval.

Crandall's uncle got him out on a thousand dollars bail, and after vowing that he would get square with Matt Warner, whom he tried in vain to get his uncle to discharge from the works, he took a late afternoon train for New York. When he reached the Castle Square Hotel he was astonished and disgusted to learn that Brett and Otis had been arrested on a telegraph order from Darien, and taken to the Tombs. Next morning he went to the Tombs to call on his associates, and found that they had voluntarily gone back to Darien on a late train the day previous, and he had probably passed them on the road. As there was nothing to keep him in New York now, he returned himself to Darien and found Brett and Otis out on bail. A month later the three were tried for the crime of attempted abduction, and were convicted, in spite of the efforts of Lawyer Otis in their behalf. Crandall was sentenced to five years in the State prison, and Brett and Otis to one year each.

The fathers of Brett and Otis succeeded in getting the judge to suspend sentence in their behalf, and they were released. Mr. Crandall appealed his nephew's case, and the young man got out on bail, pending the decision of the Appellate Court. Matt, on Mr. Staples' advice, consulted the district attorney about the conversation he had overheard between Crandall and Hathaway at the haunted house, stating that as the former had sworn to get square with him, he feared some conspiracy might be hatched up

against him between the two men, and put into effect by Hathaway.

"If they were to be arrested, nothing could be proved against them on your uncorroborated testimony. You ought to have taken advantage of your friend's presence at the house to have had him listen as well as yourself. As the case stands all he would be able to swear to is the fact that the two men held an interview in the house that day. However, as I am satisfied you have told me nothing but the truth, I'll send for both Hathaway and young Crandall, tell them that I have evidence tending to show that they contemplated getting you out of the way, and I will warn them that if anything crooked happens to you they will be immediately arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the matter. That will no doubt bring them to their senses."

The district attorney carried out his purpose, and though both Hathaway and the secretary disavowed ever having had any intention of harming the young mechanic, the official gave them to understand that he didn't believe their denial, and warned them to mind their n's and q's. They took the hint and Joe was not molested by either after that. Crandall eventually got a new trial on the ground that the evidence did not warrant the sentence he had received. He was convicted again, and sentenced to three years this time. His friends succeeded in influencing the judge to suspend sentence, and he was permitted to go free. At the end of a year Brett and Otis got their sentences quashed, as nothing had been brought against them during that time.

In the meantime Matt Warner was rapidly becoming an expert mechanic. Soon after his nineteenth birthday he passed his examination before a board of engineers and received a license as a stationary engineer. Six months later he passed another examination and received a certificate similar to a diploma, which stated that in the opinion of the board he was qualified to run the highest grade of stationary engines, like the Corliss, and such types. Matt, however, had no intention of availing himself of this advantage, as he meant to become a king-pin mechanic, and then grade himself up to some big job in that line, such as superintendent of a big shop employing hundreds of hands.

His general knowledge of engineering was bound to help him to reach the desired goal, and he kept improving himself in that line right along. He had really no idea of ever running an engine for a living, but he wanted to understand the better class of engines so well that he could superintend taking one apart and putting it together again, down to the smallest detail. He now considered himself fully qualified to tackle the problem of improving the condenser, though he was by no means sure that the dream of Parks could be realized. Still the idea appealed to him, because it had been in his mind ever since the day Parks' model came into his possession.

About this time Kittie paid a visit to her aunt, who lived on a country farm. Although she was having a good time there she missed Matt's society very much, and finally she asked her aunt if she could invite him out to stay over Sunday. She got permission to do so, and sent a letter to Matt telling him that it would please her greatly if he

would come to the farm on Saturday afternoon and remain until Monday morning. Matt was delighted at the chance and accepted it, sending Kitty word that she could look for him the next Saturday. With a hang-bag in his hand he started at the appointed time for the train, and got off at a small town called Greenlawn. Here he found Kittie and her cousin, a boy of Matt's age, waiting for him in the light wagon.

"This is my cousin, Bob Storey," said Kittie, after she had given him an effusive greeting.

"Glad to know you, Storey," said Matt, as the boys shook hands.

The farm was three miles from town, but it did not take long for them to cover the distance. On their arrival Matt was made acquainted with Farmer Storey and his wife, and they told him to make himself at home, which he proceeded to do. Early next morning Matt returned to Darien. He experimented only during a part of his spare time, and months went by before his scheming bore any encouraging fruit. The friendship between Matt and Kittie, begun on the day he got his job at the machine-shop of the Crandall Works, kept on growing stronger and stronger as time elapsed. Although Mr. and Mrs. Staples had often remarked that no man living was quite good enough for their daughter, still they marked the progress of Matt's quiet courtship with considerable satisfaction. They looked upon Matt as a most unusual boy, and were prepared to make an exception in his favor.

Living right in the family, they had a line on the young mechanic all the time; and could not find the slightest fault with him. Indeed, Mrs. Staples had come to think almost as much of Matt as though he were her own son, and she made no bones about saying as much, both to her husband and Kittie.

"On the whole, I wouldn't ask for a better husband for Kittie than Matt," remarked Mr. Staples one evening to his wife. "He possesses all the qualities I admire in a young man, and if he lives he will make a name and a competence for himself."

Mrs. Staples agreed with her husband, and they looked forward to their daughter's future without the slightest misgiving. One night Matt took Kittie to one of the theatres to see a New York success that had come to town for a week stand. Love was the predominant feature of the play, and both Matt and Kittie were much impressed by the trials and tribulations of the virtuous hero in his efforts to win the beautiful but coy heroine. When they came out after the show, they could talk of nothing else but the play, and instead of taking a car part of the way to their home, they walked. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and when they got into the quiet residential street Matt became more confidential than usual. After going over his plans for the future, as he had already done many times before with the girl, he said:

"I suppose you intend to marry some day, Kittie?"

"I suppose so, if I can find anybody to have me."

"Don't you know anybody—who would be glad to have such a treasure as you are?"

"No," replied the girl, slowly, which was a big lie, for she knew, as well as any girl in her

shoes could know, that Matt would propose some day to her, and that she meant to accept him.

"You don't know?" said the young mechanic, a trifle disappointed in her reply.

She shook her head and looked down, but her manner belied her words.

"Isn't there somebody you think a whole lot of?"

"Why, of course—mother and father."

"Isn't there somebody else?"

"Well, I think a lot of you, too," she replied, slowly.

"How much?"

"Oh, a lot."

"Do you think as much of me as I do of you?"

"I don't know how much you think of me."

"Oh, come now, you do."

"How much do you think of me?" she asked, almost saucily.

"I think more of you than anybody else in the world. I think so much of you that I want you to be my wife some day. There, I've said it now. Will you?"

"Do you really mean that, Matt?"

"I do. Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, I believe anything you say."

"And may I ask your father and mother if I can have you?"

"Yes," she answered, softly.

"Then you love me as I love you?"

"I do, with all my heart."

Matt's heart jumped with delight. She loved him and he was thoroughly happy. And so was Kittie happy, for Matt had declared himself at last.

CHAPTER XIII.—Making His Pile.

A few days later Matt summoned up courage enough to ask Mr. Staples the momentous question—could he have Kittie?

"So you want to marry our Kittie, eh?"

"I do, the worst way."

"Well, you go and ask Mrs. Staples, Matt. Whatever she says goes."

So the young mechanic hunted Kittie's mother up and told her that he wanted Kittie.

"Have you asked Mr. Staples?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Told me to ask you. That whatever you said went."

"Well, Matt, Kittie is our only child, and her father and I think there isn't another girl in the world like her."

"That's right," nodded the boy. "I think the same."

"Naturally, we're particular about the person she selects as a husband."

"Well, how do I fill the bill?" asked Matt, a bit anxiously.

"I don't know anybody I would sooner give her to than you, Matt. So you can have her with our blessing, for I know you will make her a good husband."

In a few days Matt took Kittie to a jewelry store, and she picked out an engagement ring, the price of which came within his means. A few days later Matt, while making an experiment in connection with his idea of an improvement

in the condenser, suddenly realized that he had accidentally found out a way to utilize a larger percentage of the wasted steam than was known in use anywhere. It was a fact that by far the greater proportion of the units of steam went to waste, consequently any discovery which would serve to utilize a larger number of those particles of condensed vapor would prove of untold value in economizing coal consumption. Matt knew the value of his new discovery, and he lost no time in assuring himself that it could be put to practical use. He got permission from the engineer of the works to attach his invention to the big boiler in the outhouse adjoining the engine-room.

Careful data was kept of the results achieved, and it was found that the boy's apparatus enabled the boiler to supply the usual amount of steam necessary to run the engine at regulation speed with one-third less fuel than was required when his attachment was not in use. As soon as this fact was demonstrated beyond a doubt, Matt had drawings made of his invention, and applied for a patent. Owing to its great importance it was pushed by the patent attorneys, and a patent secured at the earliest possible date. A full illustrated description of this valuable discovery was immediately published by a well-known scientific paper, published in New York. Inside of a few days letters began coming to Matt from people who were desirous of securing an interest in his patent. Mr. Staples, who had made up his mind that his prospective son-in-law had made one of the most important discoveries of the age, advised Matt to go slow about disposing of any share of his invention.

Before the boy had considered seriously any of the propositions submitted to him, he was called upon by the representative of a manufacturing establishment of national reputation located near Pittsburg. The firm in question wanted to secure the exclusive rights to manufacture and put Matt's invention on the market, and its representative was authorized to offer the young mechanic a royalty which was bound to make him rich in a short time. Matt's attorneys had made arrangements to take out patents in every civilized country on the face of the globe, so that the boy should secure the exclusive rights of his valuable invention. The field to be covered was so large that only an establishment like the Pittsburg house could hope to supply the demand within anything like a reasonable time after the invention was put on the market.

Owing to the fact that Matt's invention had first demonstrated its usefulness and value on the boiler of his establishment, Mr. Crandall took a great deal of interest in the boy's success. When he heard about the offer submitted by the Pittsburg firm, he called the young mechanic in his office and advised him by all means to accept it, as the responsibility and reputation of the house were a sufficient guarantee that he would be fairly dealt with, while the resources of the establishment were such that the invention could not only be rapidly turned out, but quickly marketed.

"Had this firm made you a flat offer of a million for your American patent alone, I should have advised you to refuse it, for the royalty basis offers you far larger returns. When you have secured your foreign patents I should advise you to hold on to them also, and let the Pittsburg

house supply the world. You will not only add to your own income by so doing, but help American trade and the American workman," said Mr. Crandall.

"I will follow your advice, Mr. Crandall," replied Matt, "at the same time I thank you for the interest you show in me."

"You are welcome, Warner. And to show you that this interest is no sham, I will, if you so desire, make it my business to see that you get every advantage in the agreement you have decided to make with the Pittsburg house."

The unexpected results which had come to Matt through his experience with Parks' chimerical idea of an absolute vacuum in the condenser, changed the whole course of the boy's future. After signing the documents with the Pittsburg company, there no longer existed any reason for him doing another stroke of manual labor for the rest of his life. Inside of the year, while his invention was coming into general use as fast as the great resources of the Pittsburg concern could put it out, his name became known in every important country of the world. When the young mechanic asked Kittie to name the day for their marriage, her mother, whom she consulted, said to her:

"Kittie, you have won a prize in the matrimonial lottery. You will ultimately be able to live in the finest house in this town, whether it be in Bradhurst avenue or anywhere else. You will be able to buy the most expensive gowns your heart can wish for. In fact, you will be able to command all the luxuries than a millionaire husband can give you. You were certainly born under a lucky star."

Three months later Matt and Kittie were married, and every newspaper in town considered the event of sufficient general interest to lay it before its readers. At the conclusion of their honeymoon, Matt and his bride took possession of the new home he had had built and furnished for their accommodation. At his particular request, Mr. and Mrs. Staples went to live with them, his father-in-law retiring from the foremanship of the machine-shop, and becoming a gentleman of leisure, which his long years of service justly entitled him to. As time passed, Matt's wealth rapidly increased, and it was not long before he was in a financial position to sign his check for a million had he wanted to do so.

To-day Matt Warner's name figures in every up-to-date encyclopedia in connection with steam and engineering, and were a special temple of fame provided for Watt, the inventor of the modern steam-engine, as well as the condenser, which forms the foundation of his great reputation, and his successors who improved and added to his discoveries, Matt would surely find a very important niche in it. Reader, there is more truth in this story than you probably imagine, for Matt Warner is a real personage, though the name herewith assigned to him is fictitious for reasons unnecessary to explain. He is now one of our multi-millionaires, and a man, of years, but he is just as modest, just as upright, and just as vigorous as he was when only a young mechanic.

Next week's issue will contain "AMONG THE ICE PEAKS; or, THE VOYAGE THAT MADE THE MONEY."

CURRENT NEWS

CLOCKS WOUND BY SUN

Brussels has a church clock wound by the atmosphere expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

TANGOES ARE HIS UNDOING

Cramps in his fingers to-day prevented Cesar Oscar Sacchi, an Argentine youth, from creating a new world's record for continuous piano playing. He ceased his efforts after thirty-two hours and eighteen minutes at the keyboard, with the record of thirty-three hours, as reported from the United States, seemingly within his grasp.

Sacchi blames his failure on "too many tangoes," as this form of syncopation, he says, necessitates a greater strain on the fingers than simple fox trots. He will try again.

REMAINS OF DEWEY'S WARSHIP FOUND IN MISSISSIPPI RIVER

A quantity of shells and human bones, believed to be the remains of a Federal war vessel commanded by George Dewey, later Admiral Dewey, damaged by Confederate batteries during the Civil War near Port Hudson, have been pumped up by a gravel dredge a few miles north of Baton Rouge. The shells include one identified as Confederate ammunition.

The vessel commanded by Dewey was one of Admiral Farragut's fleet and became disabled before Port Hudson when struck by a Confederate

salvo. It drifted down the river and finally grounded a few miles north of Baton Rouge, where it burst into flames.

RAISING GRASSHOPPERS TO STUDY CATTLE

Grasshoppers are being grown at Manhattan, Kan., so that American scientists may learn more about cows. The multiplication of these insects, which have been a burden and a plague to the farmer since the days of early Egypt, is now being used by the Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station in a study of heredity in cattle, sheep and man.

One hundred thousand grasshoppers of forty succeeding generations can be raised as cheaply and quickly as one hundred cattle over three generations. As the principles of inheritance appear knowledge of the more slowly breeding forms in to be the same with these insects and our higher animals, the scientists may make a short cut to this way.

A new color pattern has appeared in one group of these grasshoppers being bred in the laboratory, according to reports. This color scheme has bred true for over seven years, the characteristic having appeared through twenty-five generations. By crossing these insects with others showing natural color patterns, still fewer combinations have been obtained. But these new combination forms breed true only when kept isolated from the elemental patterns from which they were derived.

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Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"I must be careful how I accuse him," thought Jack. "All the same Art is a weak one when it comes to talking to the girls. I'm afraid it's his doings and that he told Fan Russell. Anyway, some one has surely got in ahead of me. If it came about that way it's a shame."

He went to the clerk and asked the name of the gentleman who had "taken the chance" who was still standing in the hotel lobby.

"Why, he's one of our most prominent citizens," was the reply. "His name is Boardman."

"What's his business?" demanded Jack, and he was told that Mr. Boardman was a mining promoter.

"Do you happen to know if he's sending any prospector down into the Ralston desert?" Jack then asked. "I'm thinking of going down that way myself and I'd like company."

"You're too late," replied the clerk. "Mr. Boardman's party left yesterday."

"Do you know his name?"

"Seems to me you are asking a good many questions," retorted the clerk. "There's the name."

He pointed to the register and turned away. The name was Ralph Spencer, but as Jack knew no such person that shed no light.

He went up to the room prepared for trouble, but Arthur was in such a pleasant frame of mind that Jack hated to broach the subject and he began to wash in silence while Arthur rattled away about their plans.

"Do we start first thing in the morning, Jack?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied Jack, without looking around. "I don't know whether it's going to pay us to start at all or not."

"What in thunder do you mean?"

"Say, Art," Jack blurted, "do you happen to know a fellow named Ralph Spencer?"

"I know of such a person. I never met him. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, except that a rich guy here in Reno has staked him and he left for Dry Lake yesterday to prospect for the Adams find."

CHAPTER IV, Out On The Desert.

Arthur looked at Jack in a way that told the story.

"See here, you are blaming me for this, old man," he faltered. "Isn't it so?"

"Well, are you to blame?" demanded Jack, bluntly. "You know our compact. I have never mentioned our plans to a living soul—have you?"

Arthur reddened. For a moment he was silent. His embarrassment was intense.

"I won't deceive you, Jack," he finally said. "I did tell Fanny and I am heartily ashamed of myself. It was weak of me—there!"

It was an effort for Jack to control himself, but he did it.

"Don't take it too much to heart, Art," he said. "I am disappointed and disgusted, but give me a little time and I shall forget it. Of course Miss Russell knows this man Spencer?"

"She does. She got acquainted with him while we were up in British Columbia. I wouldn't have believed it of her, but I'm afraid she gave me away."

"Did you tell any one else?"

"No one; upon my honor."

"Well, all there is about it Spencer has cut in ahead of us. It can't be helped."

"And I'm to blame. Jack, I feel like thirty cents. I'm ready to pull out if you say the word."

"I shouldn't wonder if the best thing isn't for us both to pull out, Art. But there, I don't want to make myself disagreeable. We'll bust ahead and take our chances. What sort of a chap is this Spencer, then?"

"I know nothing about him beyond the fact that he has taken to calling on Fan; and— Oh, Jack, can you forgive me? If we are going to have a break I don't know what I shall ever do."

"There, there! We are not going to have anything of the sort," cried Jack, holding out his hand.

"Shake!" he added, heartily. "Of course I forgive you, only next time don't be such a fool."

It was an immense relief to Arthur, but he was shy and nervous during supper in spite of the fact that Jack tried his best to put him at his ease.

While walking about Reno during the evening, Arthur brought the matter up again.

"I suppose you want to know just exactly what I did tell Fan," he said.

"It might be as well, but you don't have to say any more about it," was Jack's reply.

"I didn't give her the exact particulars. I merely told her in a general way why I was going to the Ralston desert."

"Didn't you tell about the camel mountain and that the dry lake was fourteen miles east of it?"

"Positively no."

"But this man Boardman knew all that."

"Well, then, he never got at it through me, and you can bank on it."

"It's a relief to hear you say so, Art. Of course Adams may have told his secret to a dozen people for all we know. But enough has been said. We'll cut it out now and drive ahead, hit or miss."

There were a few things to be gathered together at Reno besides the water supply and provisions, and their purchases kept the boys busy until ten o'clock, when the final start was made.

The water was stored in the kegs used by prospectors, and these were secured to the sides of the cars to save storage room. As for provisions, Jack laid in a month's supply, which he felt ought to be ample.

(To be continued)

DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN THEATRE

Excavations at the ancient Civita Lavinia on the border of the Pontine Marshes, have brought to light the remains of an exquisite Roman theatre. This was the Lanuviuna of classical times. On the ancient walls of the town may be seen the massive iron rings where legend says Aeneas tied his ship when he landed in Italy from Troy. The theatre is one of the largest and most perfect hitherto found. Its diameter is more than 160 feet, being only a few feet short of the theatre at Pompeii.

SYRUP FROM POTATOES

Government experts are endeavoring to interest the people of the South in a plan to make a fine brown and highly palatable syrup out of sweet potatoes.

There is said to be a great possibility commercially, in this syrup, for it far outdoes the commercial syrups that are imitations of cane syrup. Plants are to be established throughout the Southern States where the sweet potato grows most abundantly, and it is thought that hundreds of bushels of small, undersized, unmarketable sweet potatoes can be used for syrup purposes. Heretofore they have been discarded as waste, or plowed in to help fertilize the ground.

LION AWAKENS INDIAN IN RAILWAY STATION

Twelve natives waiting for the up-country train fell asleep in the waiting room at Tsavo Station, on the Uganda Railway, Africa. About midnight the native nearest the door was awakened by a nudge on the shoulder. The native, thinking it was the stationmaster come to inform them that the train had arrived, yawned and stretched his arms out—only to find himself stroking a lion's face.

Before the native could escape the lion seized him by the arm and began mauling him. In the ensuing pandemonium an Indian railroad official managed to procure a rifle and kill the brute, but not before it had done considerable damage.

PINK SAND AT CONEY

Hundreds of thousands of persons have been puzzled over the pink sand which has supplanted the pure white variety on the beaches in front of the boardwalk at Coney Island.

The fact is that when the new beach was pumped in from the ocean it was early discovered that the white sand on the bed was merely a superficial covering for a solid reddish floor.

Huge areas of what formerly had been white sand were discovered by divers to have turned to solid concrete because of the admixture of lime from millions of crushed clam shells.

It is believed by geologists that the reddish sand will bleach white within a few years from the action of the sun's rays and the tides.

Meantime, the eyes of the bathers at Coney will not suffer as in former years from terrific glare, which up to this year has been the one disadvantages of bathing in Coney Island.

FINDS ANCIENT MOUND

A large mound, twenty feet high and 200 feet from end to end at the base, thought to be the burial ground of mound builders in this section ages ago, has been discovered on an island in the Kalamazoo River six miles east of Kalamazoo, Mich., by E. J. Stevens, civil engineer and archeologist. Although he and others who have viewed the mound are not positive it was made by mound builders, the location, shape and general appearance of it indicate as much.

Before excavating Mr. Stevens will make a topographical survey of the island and study closely all features of the hill to determine whether or not the mound could have been made by natural erosion of the land. If the hill is found to be a burial ground of mound builders, some valuable prehistoric data probably will be unearthed.

"Mound builders always buried personal property with their dead," declared Mr. Stevens, "and articles used in the age of the mound dweller should be found. There may also be charcoal strata, as it was a funeral rite of the builders to burn offerings at the mounds."

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.
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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

MEANING OF RADIO TERMS

Most of radio magazines and supplements of newspapers give their radio information in scientific terms. This is a great mistake, as only 25 per cent. of their readers are people who thoroughly understand what these writers are driving at; and the other three-quarters are the general public who have had no technical education in radio. If the writers of the articles in papers and magazines would simplify their meaning there would be more followers of radio art. The object of this article is to explain in understandable words the meaning of a number of the principal parts used in the construction of radio receivers.

The articles most commonly used in making up a radio set are: batteries, variable condensers, fixed condensers, rheostats, gridleaks, transformers, jacks, vario-couplers, variometers, binding-posts, tube sockets, potentiometers, aerials and wire.

BATTERIES

There are three types of batteries used to operate radio-receiving sets.

1st—An ordinary 6-volt storage battery, from which current is secured to light the tubes.

2d—"B" batteries. These are very powerful little batteries containing from 22½ to 45 volts each, which are used for power throughout the entire apparatus. If this current were alone to be turned into one of the lamps it would burn the filament up and destroy the lamp.

3d—"C" batteries. These are usually small flashlight batteries which are used to boost the electrical current at different critical points in the receiver.

VARIABLE CONDENSER

The variable condenser is usually attached to the large dial on the face of the panel of the receiver. The word means that the effect of this instrument can be varied by turning the dial. The condenser stores up energy in a very peculiar way. The stationary plates contain positive electricity, and the movable plates contain negative electricity. The effect created between these plates is called capacity; that is, the capacity of the space for holding electricity. By turning the movable plates the electrical capacity in the space between the stationary plates and movable plates is changed. This effect tunes the instrument. In other words, it picks up the sound waves. Condensers are of various sizes, some containing only three plates, others 23, and still more 43. The capacity of these condensers for storing up energy increases or decreases according to how much you turn the movable plates on the dial.

INDUCTANCE

Inductance is nothing more than a coil of wire with a current of electricity flowing through it,

and another coil of wire, close by, which absorbs some of the electricity which leaks out of the first coil. The strength of this inductance depends on the distance of one coil from the other, and the direction in which the two coils stand in relation to each other. Some of these inductance coils are called

VARIO COUPLERS

Vario couplers usually consist of a cardboard or a composition tube, with a ball or a ring inside of it. The latter turns on a spindle so as to change the direction of the winding of the wire in relation to that on the tube. The tube has little taps taken off at intervals in the winding, which run to the ends of little bolts on the back of the panel. Now, by turning a switch from one bolt-head to another, the coil is short-circuited at different points. In other words, by means of a switch you can use any number of turns of the wire winding you need to turn in the sound waves you are after.

VARIOMETERS

Variometers consist of two coils of wire. One is wound around the inside of a hollow globe, another is wound around a ball set within this globe on a spindle. The coils of wire in a vario-coupler are not connected with each other, but they are in a variometer, so that the electrical current goes around the outside coil first, and afterwards goes around the inside coil. It is by turning this inside coil that you can vary the amount of inductance, and therefore vary the tuning of the instrument.

RHEOSTAT

Rheostats control the amount of electricity which flows from the storage "A" battery to the filament of the lamps. They have a small metal arm which turns on a coil of iron wire, and governs the light by the amount of iron wire which the arm allows to interfere between the arm and the filament of the lamp. This turning of the arm makes the lamps burn dim or bright according to the way you want them to burn. Of course, the brighter the lamps burn, the louder the signals you will get in your telephones. But burning your lamps at full intensity soon wears them out.

TRANSFORMERS

There are two types of transformers in use. The first is called a radio-frequency transformer and the other is called an audio-frequency transformer. We will first speak of the audio-frequency transformer. This little instrument receives the electrical vibrations at a slow enough speed so that the human ear can hear them in the form of sounds. These transformers magnify the sounds so that they sound much louder in a receiver which has a transformer than they do in a receiver which has none. Second, a radio-frequency transformer is of a different type. It receives sounds at such a tremendous speed that the human ear cannot hear them. Radio-frequency

transformers pick up the faintest sounds and pass them on to the amplifying lamps, which in turn send the sound waves to the audio-frequency transformers, where they are magnified. Radio-frequency transformers build up the faintest and most distant sounds, but audio-frequency transformers only magnify already picked up sounds.

POTENTIOMETERS

This instrument is used to give a very delicate adjustment to the rheostat. Some types of receivers cannot work properly without one, while other receivers do not need them, as they work well enough with just rheostats. They help to control the amount of current that lights the lamps, and also aid in saving the batteries.

MICROHM

This is a term of measurement of resistance. It means one millionth of an ohm. It is used when speaking of a conductor which permits the passage of an electric current, but interposes an exceedingly small resistance in the path of the current.

MEGOHM

Another measure of resistance signifying one million ohms. The gridleak on a lamp is an example of this resistance. They are usually set at one or two megohms.

GRIDLEAKS

The gridleak is a small instrument wired to the grid-terminal of a lamp socket. It receives any overflow of electricity from the lamp. Some of these instruments are fixed and others are variable, and are measured in a term called megohms. The variable leaks can be set from zero to about 5 megohms, according to the amount necessary to regulate your lamp. Some leaks are merely pencil lines on a piece of cardboard, placed in the circuit at the G binding-post of the lamp socket.

TUBE SOCKETS

Tube sockets are always marked at each corner F—, Fx P and G. The F means filament. The connection F— usually goes to the rheostat and the connection Fx goes to one terminal of the "A" battery. The filament current runs from F— to the rest of the wiring in the set, and finally reaches another terminal of the "A" battery. Thus a complete circuit is made. In a roundabout way the two F's of the lamp actually connect with the filament battery, or the lamp would not glow. The G runs to the grid side of the receiver, and the P leads to the plate side.

Lamps contain three important things which make them work perfectly. One is called the filament, which gives light. Another is a seive-like arrangement for sifting the current called the grid. And the third is a thin silvery piece of metal named the Plate, which draws the electric current through the grid from the filament. It is this action which causes sounds in a receiver.

RESISTANCE

In many cases, various resistances are used which simply act as an obstacle to the current in order to reduce the strength of the current.

JACKS

A jack is a nut with a hole in the centre attached to several prongs which are connected by wires to various parts of the instrument. The hole in the nut is to receive a plug, which in turn is connected with the telephones, so that you can hear the sounds.

BINDING-POSTS

The aerial binding-post is the one to which you fasten the lead-in wires coming from the aerial. The current sent out by the broadcasting station into the air is caught by your aerial, runs through the lead-in wire to the aerial binding-post, and another wire attached to the other end of the post carries this impulse into the receiver, where it is converted into sound. The ground binding-post is usually connected to an iron water-pipe by means of a wire through which the electricity flows from the radio and goes into the earth. This completes a circuit between the air and the earth. The radio receiver is simply an instrument interposed between this air and earth circuit in order to catch the sounds sent out from broadcasting stations. Wires from various parts of the instrument usually end at the binding-post, so that you can connect these parts to the different batteries. In a case where telephone receivers are not used the binding-posts meant for the telephone receivers are usually connected with a loop aerial.

ANTENNA

In order to make you understand the way an aerial works we will have to give an illustration. If you throw a stone in a pond you will notice that rings of waves appear on the water's surface where the stone sinks. Imagine the spot where the stone sunk is a broadcasting station, and the waves are electrical impulses thrown into the air from the station. When these electrical waves finally reach your aerial the copper wire of which it is composed, being a wonderful conductor of electricity, picks up the waves and transmits them into your receiver, where they produce sounds, the same as an ordinary telephone does.

LOOP AERIALS

In many cases landlords fearing an outside aerial will bring lightning into their houses during storms, object to outside aerials. But they cannot stop you from using a loop aerial in your room. Strange to say that although all doors and windows may be closed the sounds from broadcasting stations somehow or other get into the room, and are picked up by a loop aerial. Of course all receivers are not built to work with loop aerials. In case you wish to build one, they are very simple in construction. About 6 to 12 turns of No. 18 to 22 insulated copper wire are wound around a frame about 2½ feet square. Each turn must be kept three-fourths of an inch apart and can set in notches. This frame can be mounted on a movable stand, as it is necessary to turn one corner of the frame in the direction from which the broadcasting is coming. You may not know where the station is, but by slowly turning the frame to different points of the compass you will finally pick up the right direction.

In a future number of this publication we may explain in simple language the meaning of many more technical words used by radio writers.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

RADIO STATION HEARD 11,000 MILES

Announcement was made in Hartford, Conn., on May 17, that an amateur wireless station had succeeded in transmitting signals approximately half way around the world, establishing a new long distance record.

A ship operator reports he heard the station operated by E. W. Rouse at Galveston when he was 100 miles southeast of Ceylon in the Indian Ocean, a distance of 11,000 miles.

TOAD HOPS 75 MILES IN FIVE DAYS

A homing toad brought by Frederick C. Sidney from Wakefield to Old Center, Winchendon, Mass., a few days ago and liberated the early part of last week after a few hops around to get his bearing, started for home, bearing a small identification tag fastened to a hind leg. It was seen in Townsend and Concord, and was then lost sight of until it showed up at the old home in Wakefield.

The toad traveled, or perhaps better hepped, the 75 miles to Wakefield in five days.

VOLCANO THROWS OUT FISH READY TO EAT

It is said that there is a volcanic peak in the Andes that throws out from time to time dainty morsels in the form of fish already fried. This peak is called the Tunguragua. Underneath the mouth of the volcano is a subterraneous lake, says the *Washington Star*.

During an eruption the suction draws up quantities of water, carrying along the fish, which are cooked by the inferno through which they pass. That is the scientific explanation of the phenomenon. But the natives hold that when an eruption occurs, ruining their crops, the mystic spirit of the Tunguragua provides the fish so that they shall not want.

SYNTHETIC JEWELS ARE POSSIBLE

So great have been the strides made by science within the past decade that many of nature's

secrets have been revealed and to-day we are able to obtain many of the works of nature in synthetic form. One of the most interesting developments has been the manufacture of synthetic jewels. So far four precious gems have been manufactured—the diamond, ruby, sapphire and pearl. The emerald has defied all experiments, and all attempts in this direction have met with failure. The Japanese scientist, Mikimoto, recently achieved remarkable success in the development of cultured pearls. His pearls have been accepted by science as genuine and really are. He places a nucleus of mother-of-pearl in an oyster, then waits years while the oyster covers the nucleus with coats of pearl.

Diamonds have been made by heating at high temperature chemically pure carbon and iron and then suddenly immersing the glowing mixture into a crucible of cold water. The sudden change of temperature caused a crust of iron to form around the molten mass so that great pressure and heat were realized at the same time. Some of the carbon formed into tiny diamonds.

LAUGHS

Aged Uncle—I've insured my life for five thousand dollars in your favor. What else can I do for you? Nephew—Nothing on earth, uncle.

Visitor—What lovely furniture! Little Tommy—Yes. I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it. Anyway, he's always calling.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me what obscurity is?" "Yes'm," replied Tommy; "it's a place where a good many people go after elections."

Wife—Henry, you need a rest. Let us go to Bongtong Springs. Hub—That place! Why, it's only fit for women and fools. Wife—I know it. Let's go together.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I was accumulating money of my own." "Yes," answered the graceless youth, "but don't you think the public was easier then than it is now?"

Johnny—The medicine ain't so nasty as it used to be, mamma. I'm gettin' used to it. Mother—Did you take a whole spoonful every hour? Johnny—No'm. I couldn't find a spoon, so I'm using a fork.

"When he saw the enemy coming he turned and ran. I call that cowardice." "Not at all. He remembered that the earth is round, and he intended to run round and attack the enemy from the rear."

"Why, Tommy," exclaimed the Sunday-school teacher, "don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?" "Not any more," replied Tommy; "I uster when I slept in a foldin' bed, though."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

HAVE QUIT EATING DOGS

The dog market of Baguio has disappeared entirely and the eating of dogs by the Igorots, a non-Christian tribe inhabiting the mountain province, has been reduced to a minimum, according to Col. Henry Knauber, head of the Constabulary Academy at Baguio.

"Introduction of the meat of cattle and hogs has turned the Igorots, who formerly ate dogs, into eaters of meats recognized by the civilized world as eatable," said Colonel Knauber. "These people had to have some kind of meat and years ago the only animal they knew was the dog. When civilization introduced cattle and domestic hogs to these mountain people they quit eating dogs. Only a few scattering cases of dog eating have been reported for some time, and these were among the peoples living far back in the hills."

INDIAN HERO DIES

Joe Younghawk, son of Younghawk, one of the most famous of the old Indian scouts of General George Custer, lost a four-year battle for life after he had been wounded and gassed in France. He died at Bismarck, N. D.

The wounds which contributed to Younghawk's death were suffered on the Soissons front, when he was surrounded by five Germans and captured while on patrol duty. Awaiting a favorable moment, Younghawk turned on his captors, slew three with his hands and captured the other two, and, although he himself was shot through both legs in the fight, marched them into camp.

Younghawk refused to discuss the fight with the Germans after his return other than to say that he broke their backs over his knee.

Tribal services was held when Younghawk was buried at the Fort Barthold Indian reservation beside the graves of 106 other Indians who gave their lives in defense of the American flag.

IT IS CHEAPER TO FLY THAN WALK

The last century has seen marked progress in the development of processes, instruments and machinery designed to assist man in making Nature work for him. Tremendous strides have been made toward that end, and it is only logical to suppose that the next century will witness an even greater advancement. Most recent of the achievements in this line is that of the French aviator, George Barbot, who, by successfully using the wind currents, flew across the English channel from France to England and back again in a small monoplane glider equipped with only a 15-horsepower engine to assist him in mounting into the air. Only one gallon of gasoline was carried in the tank and after reaching a height sufficient to come in contact with the air currents, Barbot shut off his engine entirely and relied solely upon the force of the air to carry him across the channel. The trip was made in 61 minutes. The return to France was made in 45

minutes by the same method. As a result of his remarkable feat Barbot received the 25,000-franc prize offered by a Paris newspaper.

The phenomenal flight marks a new departure in aeronautics and one that may eventually establish an entirely new basis for aviation. The excessive cost of both gasoline and motive power has done much to restrict the growth of aviation as a commercial and pleasure enterprise, so far, and it is not unlikely that Nature may be brought into active use as a substitute for the costly elements in flying.

MANY VEGETABLES WILL PRODUCE SEED IN ALASKA

Alaska can mature seed of many vegetables, even in the interior at a latitude of 65 degrees and over, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture from the Federal agricultural experiment stations in that territory, which have been working for a number of years to develop varieties that may be successfully grown under the climatic conditions of this far-north region. Seeding of plants is especially important here to perpetuate desirable varieties which have been developed. It is also valuable as a matter of convenience, as it is difficult to get fresh seeds from other localities of similar climate in time for planting and of sufficient variety to supply the customary varied American diet. The experiment station at Fairbanks reports that a large crop of Copenhagen market cabbage was grown there last season from seed matured in the open at the Rampart station in 1920. Both of these stations are within less than 2 degrees of the Arctic Circle. Turnip seed, especially of the variety Petrowski, which is now grown widely in the territory, has been produced abundantly at both stations. Garden peas of the variety Alaska have reproduced for a number of years, and through seed selection some two weeks have been gained in earliness of production. Parsley, carrots, parsnips, and radishes seed abundantly in the interior. Settlers co-operating with the stations are succeeding with an interesting list of vegetables. Lettuce is thoroughly at home, one variety grown at the Rampart station producing crisp, tender and flavored heads weighing 2 1/2 pounds. By successive plantings it may be had usually from the middle of June until frost. Excellent cooked greens are obtainable from young bean tops and Swiss chard; spinach grows as far north as Rampart, and Brussels sprouts and cauliflower can ordinarily be depended upon. Tomatoes, cucumbers and pepper require starting under glass, and produce well, if the season has a fair amount of sunshine. Peas and beans produce beautifully. Turnips, carrots, parsnips and potatoes, as well as cabbage, may be grown and stored to provide variety for the Winter diet. Rhubarb flourishes in all cultivated areas. Small fruits, such as gooseberries, currants, raspberries and strawberries, are proving hardy in the interior of Alaska.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

TEMPLE FOUND IN CELLAR

Some men pulling down an old house in Naples have discovered two beautiful white marble columns, without capitals, on a sculptured base of stone. The columns are considered to have originally belonged to a round Roman temple dedicated to the goddess Vesta. It is expected that other antiquities will be found in the basement of the building.

A LARGE WASH

There is a laundry in Southampton, England, which has few customers but a large wash, turning out 6,500,000 pieces of the "Majestic," "Olympic" and "Homeric." The same vessels require annually 50,000 gallons of liquid soap, 17,000 pounds of soft soap, 63,000 pounds of soap powder and 45,000 pounds of soda to keep everything "ship-shape"; 35,000 sponges and floorcloths perish in the using each year. While there may be little dust at sea there must be considerable in port for over 20,000 brooms and brushes are used up each year. The metal work is not neglected, about 15,000 tins of polish being consumed each twelve months.

DANISH KING IS TALLEST RULER IN THE WORLD

King Christian, who celebrated his silver wedding recently, is six feet six inches in height, the tallest of the world's rulers. He comes of a family noted for height. In the Cathedral of Roskilde, where Denmark's kings lie buried, the only monument to Christian I is a line scratched eight feet above the pavement on a pillar, which shows his stature when alive. Many famous men have measured themselves against this record of the giant king, but the only one to surpass it was Pat Murphy, the Irish wonder, who towered 8 feet 6 inches.

Coincidence rather than heredity enables the present Danish king to uphold the tradition, for the royal family of Denmark is not Danish in blood or descent so much as German.

MOLE'S NEST IS WORTH \$25 TO NATURALIST


Every farmer and commuter has a chance to make a valuable contribution to science. All they have to do is to know a mole's nest when they see one. The mole's nest is wanted by the American Museum of Natural History.

Farmers doing their planting and commuters starting their regular spring work on lawns and gardens are asked to keep their eyes open for a mole's nest for the Directors of the American Museum of Natural History, who says he will be glad to pay \$25 cash for a good nest of the American mole with young.

The ambitious small boy, to whom his parents turn over this item of news, may avert disappointment by taking care not to bring in a mouse's nest, for the museum does not want such a nest. It is very well known. But it appears that the life habits of Mr. and Mrs. Mole and the young moles are not so well known, even to scientists and students of natural history.

This in spite of the fact that the mole is a most common animal, said a museum official, adding that this much is known of the moles: They commence work early in the spring to establish their tunnels. It is believed that they raise two litters of young from three to five in a litter, or possibly more, each year. Their nests, however, have seldom been found. They are active from early spring to late fall.

The landholder usually considers the mole merely as a pest which digs galleries through his lawn or garden, and many means are taken to destroy them. The director of the museum, however, has a good word to say for the mole. It is distinctly insectivorous, living by eating grubs, earthworms, ants and other insects. While it is true that the burrows, when within a few inches of the surface, cause grass or grain to die, much of this destruction, it is said, is actually brought about by the field mice, who make use of the runways of the mole and eat the tender roots of the grass and plants. Moles never eat the succulent plants, say the museum people.



2⁰⁰

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How I increased my salary more than 300%

by
Joseph Anderson

I AM just the average man—twenty-eight years old, with a wife and a three-year-old youngster. I left school when I was fourteen. My parents didn't want me to do it, but I thought I knew more than they did.

I can see my father now, standing before me, pleading, threatening, coaxing me to keep on with my schooling. With tears in his eyes he told me how he had been a failure all his life because of lack of education—that the untrained man is always forced to work for a small salary—that he had hoped, yes, and prayed, that I would be a more successful man than he was.

But no! My mind was made up. I had been offered a job at nine dollars a week and I was going to take it.

That nine dollars looked awfully big to me. I didn't realize then, nor for years afterward, that I was being paid only for the work of my hands. My brain didn't count.

THEN one day, glancing through a magazine, I came across the story of a man just like myself. He, too, had left school when he was fourteen years of age, and had worked for years at a small salary. But he was ambitious. He decided that he would get out of the rut by training himself to become expert in some line of work.

So he got in touch with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton and started to study in his spare time at home. It was the turn in the road for him—the beginning of his success.

Most stories like that tell of the presidents of great institutions who are earning \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year. Those stories frighten me. I don't think I could ever earn that much. But this story told of a man who, through spare time study, lifted himself from \$25 to \$75 a week. It made an impression on me because it talked in terms I could understand. It seemed reasonable to suppose that I could do as well.

I tell you it didn't take me long that time to mark and send in that familiar coupon. Information regarding the Course I had marked came back by return mail. I found it wasn't too late to make up the education I had denied myself as a boy.

I was surprised to find out how fascinating a home-study course could be. The I. C. S. worked with me every hour I had to spare. I felt myself growing. I knew there was a bigger job waiting for me somewhere.

Four months after I enrolled my employer came to me and told me that he always gave preference to men who studied their jobs—and that my next



salary envelope would show how much he thought of the improvement in my work.

Today, my salary is more than 300% greater than it was when I began my studies. That increase has meant a better home and all the luxuries that make life worth while.

What I have done, you can do. For I am just an average man. I had no more education to begin with than you have—perhaps not as much. The only difference is a matter of training.

TO every man who is earning less than \$75 a week, I say simply this:—Find out what the I. C. S. can do for you!

It will take only a minute of your time to mark and mail the coupon. But that one simple act may change your whole life.

If I hadn't taken that first step four years ago I wouldn't be writing this message to you today! No, and I wouldn't be earning anywhere near \$75 a week, either!

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